

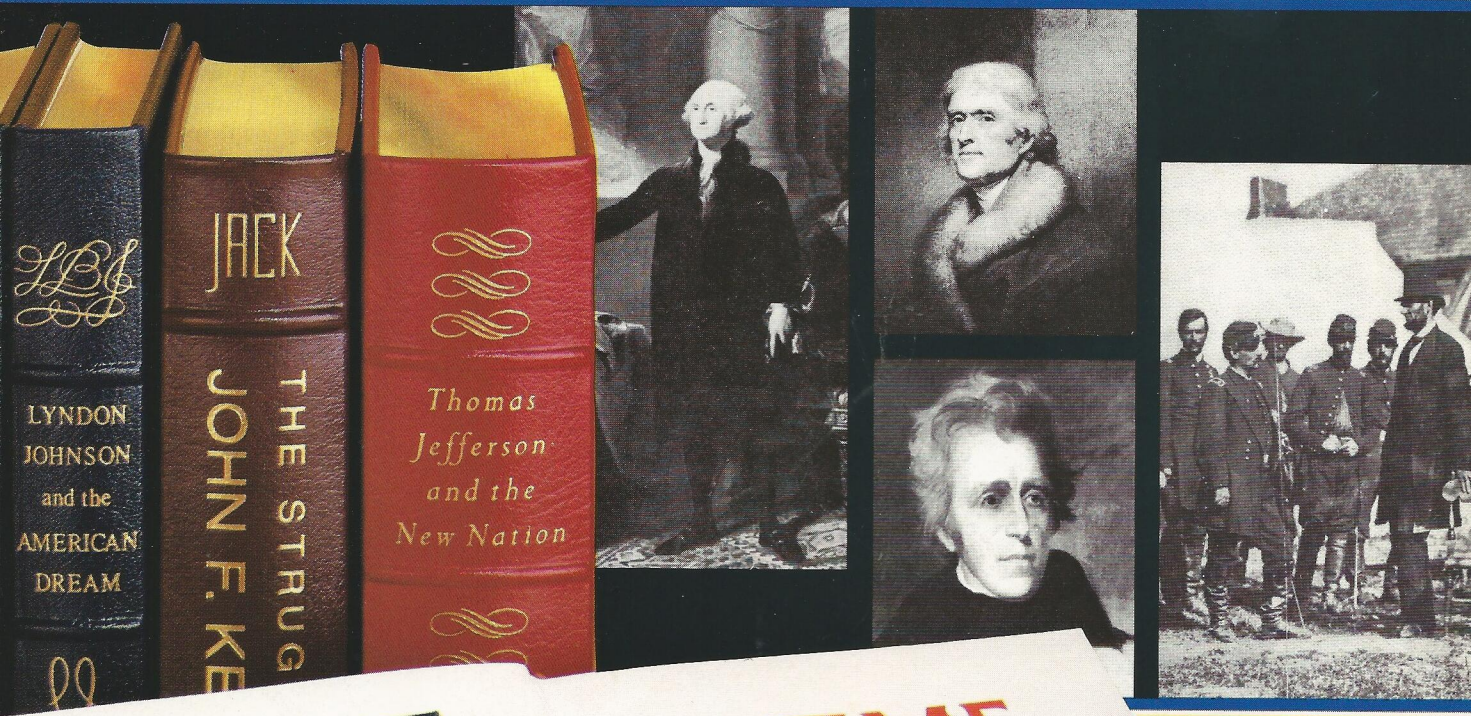
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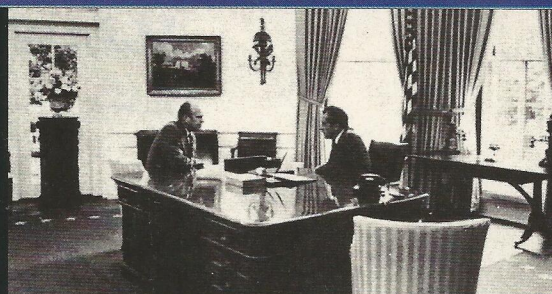


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
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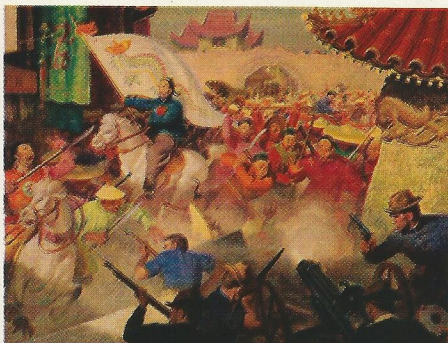
The Eagle and the Dragon by Anne Skelly and Michael Miller

An exhibition at the Marine Corps Museum documents American military actions in China during the Boxer Rebellion.

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Cover

Resentment against western influence in China erupted into violence in the summer of 1900, and the international settlements and legations at Peking and Tientsin were placed under siege by "Boxer" extremists. John Clymer's painting depicts action between U.S. Marines and Boxers at Peking; for more on the conflict, see pages 34-47.

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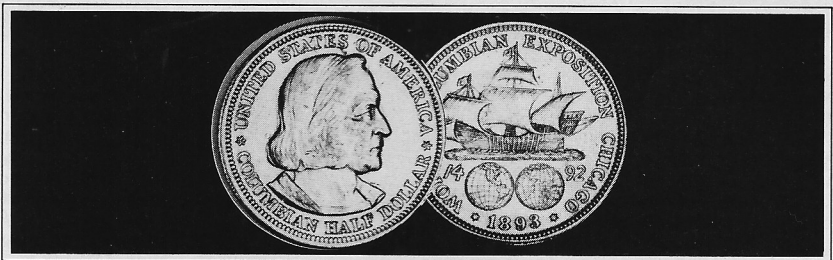
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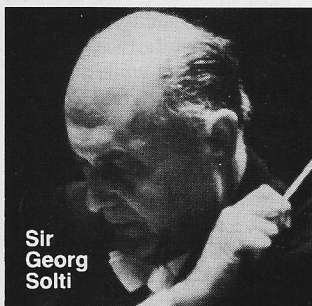
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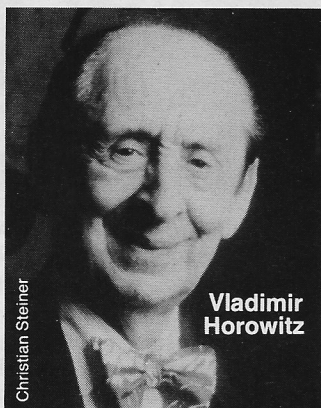
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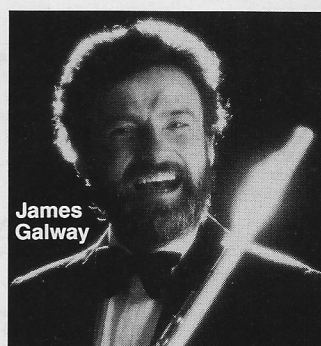
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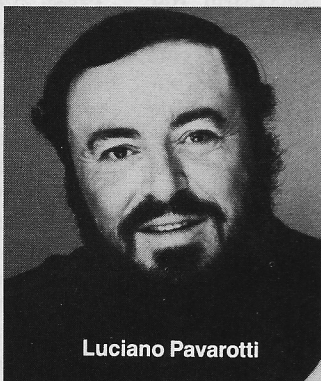
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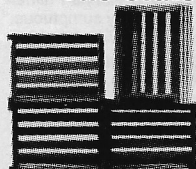
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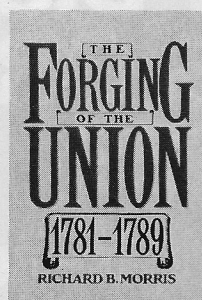
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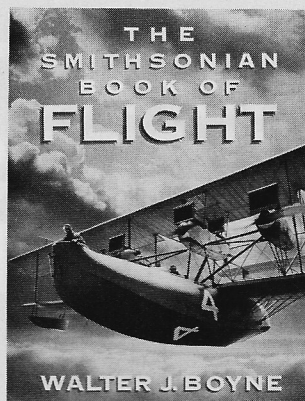


The Forging of the Union by Richard B. Morris (*Harper & Row, New York City, 1987; 416 pages, illustrated, \$22.95.*)

This scholarly sequel to *The Peacemakers*, by award-winning author and historian Richard Morris, re-examines a wealth of original sources and monographs covering the years of American government under the Articles of Confederation—the crucial period between America's successful War for Independence and its forging of a federal government. The events leading to the adoption of the Constitution, and the remarkable statesmen who shaped them, are covered in depth in this first of five volumes in the "New American Nation Series," which will examine the course of constitutional development through the Warren Court.

The Smithsonian Book of Flight by Walter J. Boyne (*Smithsonian Books, Washington, D.C., and Orion Books, New York City, 1987; 288 pages, illustrated, \$35.00.*)

The full resources of the Smithsonian Institution's Air and Space Museum were tapped to bring readers this magnificent narrative and pictorial history of aviation. Authored by the National Air and Space Museum's former director, the oversized volume features over 350 illustrations, 200 of which are in full color. Flight has fascinated man since he first watched birds aloft; even today, "in an age that has come to regard human journeys to the moon and the robot exploration of the planets as commonplace, flight continues to inspire very much the same sense of awe, wonder, mystery, and power



that it did when the airplane was new," says Walter Boyne. Called a loving tribute to eight decades of aircraft and the men and women who designed, built, and flew them, the *Smithsonian Book of Flight* will be a welcome addition to any family's library.

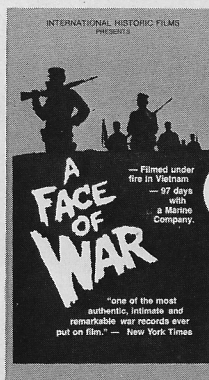
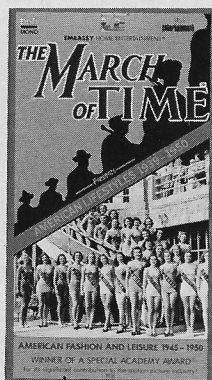
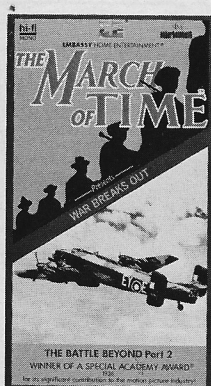
The Little Giants: U.S. Escort Carriers Against Japan by William T. Y'Blood (*Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, Maryland, 1987; 448 pages, illustrated, \$28.95.*)

U.S. mini-carriers, or CVEs (escort carriers), as they are most commonly known, played a significant and heroic role in the Pacific theater during World War II. Their little-known accomplishments are highlighted in this authoritative account that documents the complete operational history of the Navy's CVEs. The volume is based on interviews with former crewmen, official reports, ship histories, and war diaries, and includes seldom-seen photographs. The book is an important companion volume to Y'Blood's *Hunter-Killer*.

North America's Maritime Museums: An Annotated Guide by Hartley Edward Howe (*Facts on File, New York, 1987; 384 pages, illustrated, \$35.00.*)

This comprehensive guide to America's maritime heritage provides readers with detailed information on virtually all of the historic ships and maritime and naval museums from Nova Scotia to the Hawaiian Islands, and includes descriptions of the exhibits, their locations, schedules, and admission prices. Informative synopses of regional maritime history appear throughout the book's 261 entries. ★

Sight & Sound



The March of Time (Nelson Entertainment, 335 North Maple Drive, Suite 350, Beverly Hills CA 90210, 213-285-6000; VHS or Beta, two six-video sets, 90 to 120 minutes per video, \$24.95 each or \$149.70/set of six).

One of the most honored news/film series in history has been recaptured on videocassettes. Originally produced as newsreels for *Time* magazine, the series, shot between 1936 and 1950, was seen monthly for sixteen years in movie theaters around the world, winning nearly fifty national and international awards. The video version consists of two six-tape series: "War Breaks Out" and "American Lifestyles 1939-1950." Representative tapes in the war series include "Americans Prepare" (America's working class unites for the war effort, special agents combat espionage and sabotage in U.S. defense industries, panicky housewives hoard foodstuffs, captured German film footage depicts destruction inside Allied territory prior to American involvement in WWII) and "The Battle Beyond," depicting battles and occupation overseas. Representative lifestyle tapes include: "Show Business"; "America's Youth"; and "The American Family" (with one particularly delightful segment on baby development, filmed at a major university in 1950).

The Last Full Measure: The Battle of Gettysburg (Historical Videos International, Inc., P.O. Box 581, Edgemont PA 19028; VHS or Beta, 30 minutes, \$37.95). Stacy Keach narrates this documentary that includes a guest appearance by the renowned Civil War

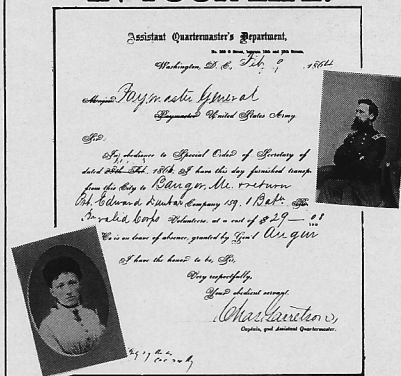
historian Bruce Catton (now deceased). A commentary depicting the Battle of Gettysburg through re-enactments, still photographs, and a tour of the modern-day Gettysburg Battlefield, the video emphasizes the tragedy and loss of life in the great battle that turned the tide of the Civil War.

A Face of War (International Historic Films, Box 29035, Chicago IL 60629, 312-436-8051; VHS or Beta, 77 minutes, \$39.00).

This film documents ninety-seven days of operations by a Marine contingent in Vietnam in 1967. The producer and one of his three cameramen were wounded during the filming, and over half of the Marines depicted (Mike Company, Third Battalion, Seventh Marine Regiment) were either killed or wounded during the Vietnam conflict. Eerie and haunting, the historic footage depicts a Viet Cong raid, the birth of a Vietnamese child, the death of another, and the everyday life—with its highs and lows—of these Marine combat troops.

The Eighteenth Century Woman (ABC Video Enterprises, 945 Concord, Framingham MA 01701, toll free 1-800-262-8600 or 617-879-1720 in Massachusetts; VHS or Beta, 60 minutes, \$39.95). One selection from the Metropolitan Museum of Art Home Video Collection, this film features highlights of the costume collection at the Museum. Period paintings and music enhance the film, which evokes the lives of the eighteenth century's most important women and the age of enlightenment in which they lived. ★

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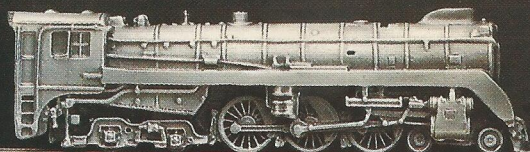
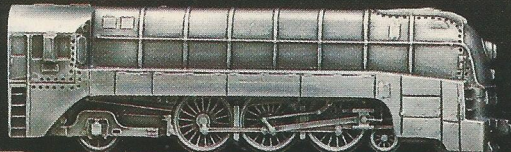
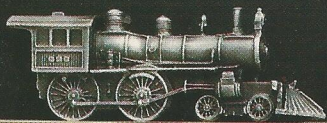
NYC #999 1893



ASIA-GO, JAPAN 1934



ROYAL HUDSON, CANADA 1937



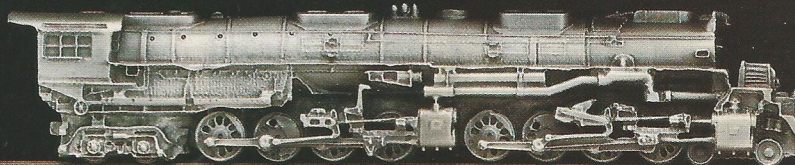
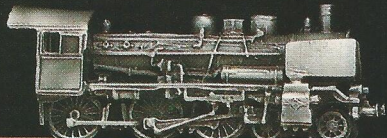
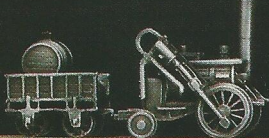
ROCKET, U.K. 1829



CLASS P8, GERMANY 1906



BIG BOY, U.S.A. 1941



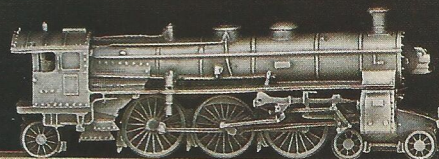
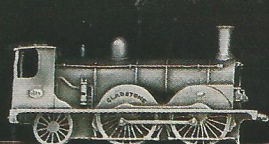
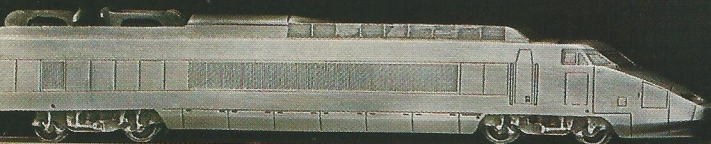
TGV, FRANCE 1981



GLADSTONE, U.K. 1882



CLASS S 3/6, GERMANY 1908



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Today President Reagan and Congress struggle to keep the annual deficit below \$200 billion; one hundred years ago another president strove to reduce huge Treasury surpluses.

Cleveland's Unwelcome Bonanza

by James F. C. Hyde, Jr.

AN OVERFLOWING TREASURY, excess revenues pouring into federal coffers year after year, no redeemable government bonds outstanding, steadily accumulating surpluses. The stuff of which President Reagan's dreams are made?

Perhaps. Particularly if these came to pass without a tax increase or spending cuts. But imagining today's \$2 trillion national debt vanishing overnight would be almost as easy; massive federal deficits and an ever-increasing national debt have come to seem almost as inevitable as death and taxes. There have been surpluses in only nine of the fifty-eight years since the 1929 crash, the last in 1969. Indeed, the word "surplus" seems to have disappeared from the budgetary lexicon while the president and Congress struggle to keep the annual deficit below \$200 billion.

But an overflowing Treasury is exactly what Grover Cleveland faced when he took office on March 4, 1885, as the first Democratic president elected after the Civil War.

Born in 1837, Cleveland had grown up in New Jersey and New York as the son of a Presbyterian minister. He had studied and practiced law in Buffalo, New York, where he first entered public service. A big, heavy-set man with a bushy mustache, Cleveland was elected mayor of Buffalo in 1881 and quickly won recognition for his honest and efficient administration of municipal affairs.

He had gone on to become governor of New York in 1883, and, in that office, Cleveland had strengthened his reputation still further by standing up to Tammany Hall, the Democratic machine in New York City. He had refused demands for patron-

Cleveland estimated that the 1887-88 Treasury surplus would total \$140 million. A comparable accumulation in terms of the current administration budget would amount to approximately \$500 billion.

refused demands for patronage jobs, insisting on merit as the sole criterion for appointment. "A public office is a public trust," became Cleveland's slogan.

A biographer of the nation's twenty-second and twenty-fourth president has characterized Cleveland as having a dual personality. "To the end of his life," wrote Allan Nevins, "his intimates were struck by the gulf which separated the exuberant jovial Cleveland of occasional hours of carefree banter from the stern unbending Cleveland of work and responsibility whose life seemed hung round by a pall of duty." Cleveland, in public, could also be blunt and quick-tempered.

Cleveland had won the Democratic nomination in 1884 despite the bitter opposition of Tammany Hall. His opponent had been James G. Blaine, the so-called "Plumed Knight," who had wrested the Republican nomination from Chester A. Arthur. Other issues in the campaign were largely overshadowed by questions of personal morality. Of these, the most sensational arose out of the disclosure that Cleveland had fathered an illegitimate child a decade earlier. He unhesitatingly admitted to the fact, however, and his frank admission caught the fancy of the electorate, helping to diffuse the issue. He defeated Blaine by a narrow popular vote margin.

Two-and-one-half years after Cleveland took the oath of office, a continuing flood of excess revenues prompted him to take an extraordinary step. He decided to devote his December 6, 1887 State of the Union message exclusively to the "emergency" of a "congested national Treasury." He spelled out what this meant in no uncertain terms: "The public Treasury . . . becomes a hoarding place for money needlessly withdrawn from trade and the people's use, thus crippling our national energies, suspending our country's developments, preventing investment in productive enterprise, threatening financial disturbance, and inviting schemes of public plunder."

THE ALARM that Cleveland sounded in his State of the Union message came toward the end of an era unrivaled for its record of federal budget surpluses—an incredible twenty-eight straight years beginning shortly after the Civil War and ending in 1893. Not only were these surpluses sustained each year, but their magnitude often amounted to a staggering excess of revenue over spending, ranging as high as 50 percent in some years. In his December message, Cleveland estimated that the surplus accumulation would total \$140 million by the end of the fiscal year, the following June 30. A comparable accumulation in terms of the current Reagan administration budget would amount to approximately

\$500 billion, an enormous sum even by today's standards.

These troublesome surpluses were largely the result of high tariffs,* the principal source of federal revenue during Cleveland's era and earlier. Tariff rates were set not to meet the financial needs of the government, but in response to protectionist pressures by manufacturers in the North and East. The protectionists had been effective from the earliest days of the Republic. Their success can be measured both in terms of the federal budget and in terms of the political repercussions they generated. Until the Civil War, the government had been "in the black" almost twice as often as "in the red." Southern outrage over high tariffs had precipitated South Carolina's abortive attempt in 1832 to nullify federal law in a foreshadowing of its subsequent secession and the civil war that was to follow.

On the whole, however, the early surpluses were welcomed. They assured orderly liquidation of the Revolutionary War debt and established the international credit of the new nation. They provided the margin for financing river and harbor projects and other internal improvements promoting commerce among the states. Moreover, they did not reach too great an accumulation because of recurring financial crises like the panic of 1837, the War of 1812, and the Mexican War, as well as occasional tariff reductions like the one enacted in 1846 during the Polk administration.

The Civil War and its aftermath changed the situation dramatically. Import duties were raised sharply after the outbreak of hostilities to help finance the war. An even greater impetus for higher duties came from pressure to keep them in line with increased excise taxes. The war, of course, freed the Northern and Eastern protectionists in Congress from the restraining influence of their absent low-tariff colleagues from the South.

For many years after the war, manufacturers who had thrived under the protectionist system were able to thwart tariff reform efforts. Continuing high duties were, by 1879, producing annual surpluses of \$100 million above expenditures of roughly \$260 million.

The surpluses also reflected that federal spending had not increased comparably. During the Civil War the powers of the central government had greatly expanded, and Lincoln, in particular, had exercised a sweep of executive authority never seen before his time, and seldom since. In reaction to this increase in central power and as a reflexive return to the *status quo ante*, the country subsequently reverted to a central government of limited

*Duties imposed by the government on imported goods.



powers and limited spending. Demands on the Treasury were also limited for two other reasons. The amount of redeemable Civil War bonds and the payments required to retire them were shrinking. More significantly, there were no new wars.

In 1881, Republican Chester A. Arthur, a courtly New York machine politician, succeeded the assassinated James A. Garfield. The following year, the accidental president became so concerned over the build-up of surpluses that he appointed a commission to study tariff reform. The commission recommended a "substantial reduction of tariff duties," of 20 to 25 percent. But Congress contained a powerful and well-organized protectionist group that would not agree to such a radical cut. Subsequently the Tariff Act of 1883 brought about a mere 5 percent reduction in tariffs. Arthur's support for tariff reform was an important factor in his loss of the 1884 nomination.

THE HIGH TARIFFS CONTINUED, and during Cleveland's presidency the accumulating surpluses threatened financial stability because of the large sums they drained from the economy. According to one source of the time, one-third of the circulating money supply was tied up in the Treasury. No central banking authority such as the Federal Reserve Board existed to pump additional money into the system to correct the

In an 1888 political cartoon, Speaker of the House Thomas Reed complains to Uncle Sam about President Grover Cleveland's tariff-cutting measures. Despite protectionist protests from Northern industrialists, Cleveland didn't "hedge" on promising to trim the ever-growing Treasury surplus.

precarious imbalance. Paying off a portion of the public debt might have offered one means of dealing with the problem, but all redeemable government bonds had been retired by 1887. Cleveland opposed buying bonds at a premium on the open market as being too costly. He also resisted depositing the excess funds in private banks, where they could be loaned out, arguing that it was "exceedingly objectionable . . . fostering an unnatural reliance of private business on public funds." The notion that government funds might be loaned directly to farmers, small businesses, and other private interests was not even considered in those days.

Another approach to solving the problem the surpluses posed would have been to increase federal spending. But unwarranted public spending was anathema to Cleveland's strict Presbyterian principles. As mayor and governor, he had insisted on the economical use of city and state funds. As president, he had quickly incurred

Continued on page 48

"I never fleeced anyone who could not afford to pay my price for a lesson in honesty."

"Yellow Kid" Weil: King of Con

by Roger Bruns

THE PRESIDENT of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company welcomed to his office three well-dressed men who said they wished to purchase his business. Astonished by the generous figure the visitors quoted, he agreed to sell. The deal was to be completed later in New York.

Arriving at a sumptuous Manhattan office on the appointed day in June 1930, the executive noticed two Chinese men sitting nearby. As the men began to converse in whispers just loud enough for him to hear, the company president learned they owned a lucrative mine in Montana that they planned to sell to the same individuals who had offered to purchase his parchment company. Entranced by the hushed talk of huge profits—and not particularly bothered by the apparently shady nature of the transaction—the executive was gripped by a formidable attack of avarice. He wanted part of the action. By day's end he had bought \$15,000 worth of stock in the mine.

Unfortunately, complications arose in the parchment company sale. So the president returned to Kalamazoo to await a resolution of the difficulties.

Two weeks later, bogus stock certificates in hand, the now-wiser

president visited the Chicago detective bureau. Flipping through mug files, he, as so many before him, pointed to a picture of the man who had conned him—a dapper, bewhiskered fellow with a look of culture and refinement. The police were not surprised.

Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil had struck again.

Oral historian Studs Terkel called Weil the most exquisite and celebrated of con men, and Saul Bellow spoke of his notoriety and elegance. The "Yellow Kid" was the con artist against whom all others were measured.

Born in downtown Chicago, the son of a French father and German mother, Weil earned money in his youth by running errands and working in neighborhood stores. Eventually, however, he began hanging around race tracks, lured by the glib talk of tipsters and touts and their promises of easy money. He liked cards, seldom playing an honest hand, bilking those who did.

Weil got his nickname in the early 1890s while loitering around Hinky Dink Kenna's bar on Chicago's South Side. The victims of Weil's coin-matching and dice-rolling schemes complained, and, as Weil later recalled, "the Dink told me to

stop trimming people in his saloon. He told me I had more tricks than 'The Yellow Kid,' a character in a comic strip then being published in a New York paper. The name has stuck with me ever since."

Early in his career, Weil peddled a potion called Meriwether's Elixir, a vile concoction supposedly effective against tapeworm. Weil would speak before groups convincing them first that they had tapeworm, and second that his potion could cure it.

He quickly moved on to bigger scams. He sold phony race-track concessions, hawked imitation gold

Notorious con man Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil (opposite) appears "con"fident despite a possible "con"viction. And for good reason: during a forty-year swindling career that, at his estimate, earned him some \$8 million, Weil served relatively few prison terms. By assuming identities and utilizing thespian skills he learned from actors he boozed with, Weil was able to "con"vince his victims to put their "con"fidence and money in him. "I was a psychologist," the "Yellow Kid" once remarked. "My domain was the human mind."





"Yellow Kid" Weil's cultured mien and sartorial splendor helped to disarm many an unwary victim of his schemes. A pro at con, he was a source of unlimited criminal creativity; whereas most swindlers depended on one scam with a few variations, Weil devised many different ways to "lead the lambs to fleece." One of his favorite hoaxes involved selling a mongrel as a showdog to unsuspecting saloonkeepers.

and diamond rings, and conned numerous believers in the supernatural with a medium set-up, using a microphone hidden in a mystic's turban. He boasted that he once sold a talking dog in a bar. Accompanied by a circus ventriloquist who gave voice to the animal, Weil rejected several offers from excited customers until the price was right.

Even his early schemes had a mark of "genius." One day a man dressed in a hunting suit, with a large, well-groomed dog in tow (Weil had a penchant for dog cons), dashed into a Chicago saloon. In an urgent voice he asked the saloonkeeper if he would mind watching the animal for a short time. The barman noticed that the stranger was clutching some official-looking papers, one with a blue ribbon and the words "First Prize" on it.

After the visitor left, another man, dressed conservatively in black suit, homburg, and gloves, entered the bar, ordered expensive wine, and began to cast admiring glances at the dog. He remarked that it was obviously a show dog. It had classic lines and fine breeding. The man explained that he was a connoisseur of dogs and offered to pay \$100 for this one. When the saloonkeeper revealed that the animal was not his, the dog lover was undeterred, raising the offer to \$300. He was visiting the city, he said, and would leave a deposit of \$50 as a measure of his good faith. He then gave his hotel room number. If the owner was willing to sell, the man would pay at least \$300 for it.

By the time the first customer returned, the saloonkeeper was ready to grasp a choice opportunity; he would buy low and sell high. He

greeted the dog's owner with a story that his children had taken a fancy to the animal and that he would pay \$100 for it. The owner was reluctant to sell; after all, the dog was a prize winner, he noted—flashing the gold-embossed pedigree and blue ribbon as evidence. The saloonkeeper raised the price, finally offering \$250. The owner accepted.

After closing the deal, the saloonkeeper marched to the hotel with the dog, expecting to make a decent profit. But the man from out of town, who had identified the dog as showstock, was of course not to be found, and the saloonkeeper was now the chagrined owner of a high-priced mongrel.

Weil pulled off this scam about forty times, he claimed, netting a total profit of \$8,000. Although not bringing a robust return by Weil's standards, this scheme seemed to give him particular satisfaction, and he remembered it fondly in his later years. His frequent confederate, the "man from out of town," was Fred "the Deacon" Buckminster, a con man with thespian skills.

ALTHOUGH INTRICATE IN DETAIL and varying widely in approach, Weil's schemes were invariably based on a single formula: to capitalize on the victim's own greed. "Men like myself," he said, "could not have existed without the victims' covetous, criminal greed."

Weil found the weak point of hundreds of dupes during his reign as con wizard. His own estimate, perhaps exaggerated, placed his lifetime earnings at \$8 million in forty years of international operations. Even the conservative estimates of law enforcement officials credit Weil with a take of \$5 million.

While some con men relied principally on a single con or variations of it, Weil's criminal creativity seemed unlimited. For many scams, he recruited other con artists to play parts in elaborate productions. One scheme entailed convincing potential victims that his friend at the telegraph office would intercept racing results and delay messages to an off-track betting emporium—the type of con portrayed by Paul Newman and Robert Redford in the movie *The Sting*.

In another scam, he posed as a racetrack racketeer who supposedly ran a nag for several races to sweeten the odds, and then substituted a thoroughbred to cop big winnings. A master impersonator, he at various times portrayed a doctor, mining engineer, geologist, and an emissary of the German Reichsbank. In one swindle he assumed the identity of J. P. Morgan.

Weil said he owed much of his acting skill to notable performers who drank at a saloon near the Essanay Moving Picture Studios. "I bought the boys drinks in return for characterizations which they acted out for me," he recalled. "[Francis X.] Bushman, [Charlie] Chaplin, [Douglas] Fairbanks, all three gave me their interpretations of how a titled nobleman would act, an American financier, a doctor, a scientist, a lawyer." Weil said he refined his British accent by hanging around exclusive hotels and listening to conversations.

An epicure of fine wine, sleek automobiles, expensive clothes, and emancipated women, Weil frequented the black cabarets in Chicago, where he was known as a profligate spender with eclectic tastes. "The 'Yellow Kid's' whiskers never shone in a more garish and fantastic setting," the *Chicago Daily News* reported, than they did night after night at the Sunset and Plantation cafes, with drums beating, horns blaring, and liquor flowing. In one month of 1925, the Kid reputedly spent \$25,000 in South Side establishments. Faultlessly attired in winged collar, cravat, three-carat diamond stickpin, striped trousers, pince-nez tortoise shell specs, golden tweed topcoat, and dove gray spats, Weil was fondly known as the "High Financier."

Weil always spoke of the profound gullibility of man. To prove his point, he often used himself as an example. In the heyday of his career, at the same time the high chief of swindle was luring a succession of lambs to the fleece, Weil himself had been a victim of flimflam. Aboard a luxury liner headed to Europe, he

had a romantic affair with a "countess," a beauty with the "fragile tenderness of the anemones." His larcenous instincts hopelessly dulled by "the lures of perfumes . . . the brilliancy of the eyes . . . the red tint of her mouth," Weil succumbed to his lover's sudden entreaties for a loan. She told him a friend in Vienna, accused of stealing government supplies, needed immediate financial assistance. The "countess" asked for \$10,000 to save her friend from prison and possible execution. As security for a loan she offered a string of pearls and other jewels. Weil gave her the money and she disappeared. The "Yellow Kid" did not need an appraiser to tell him that the jewels were fake.

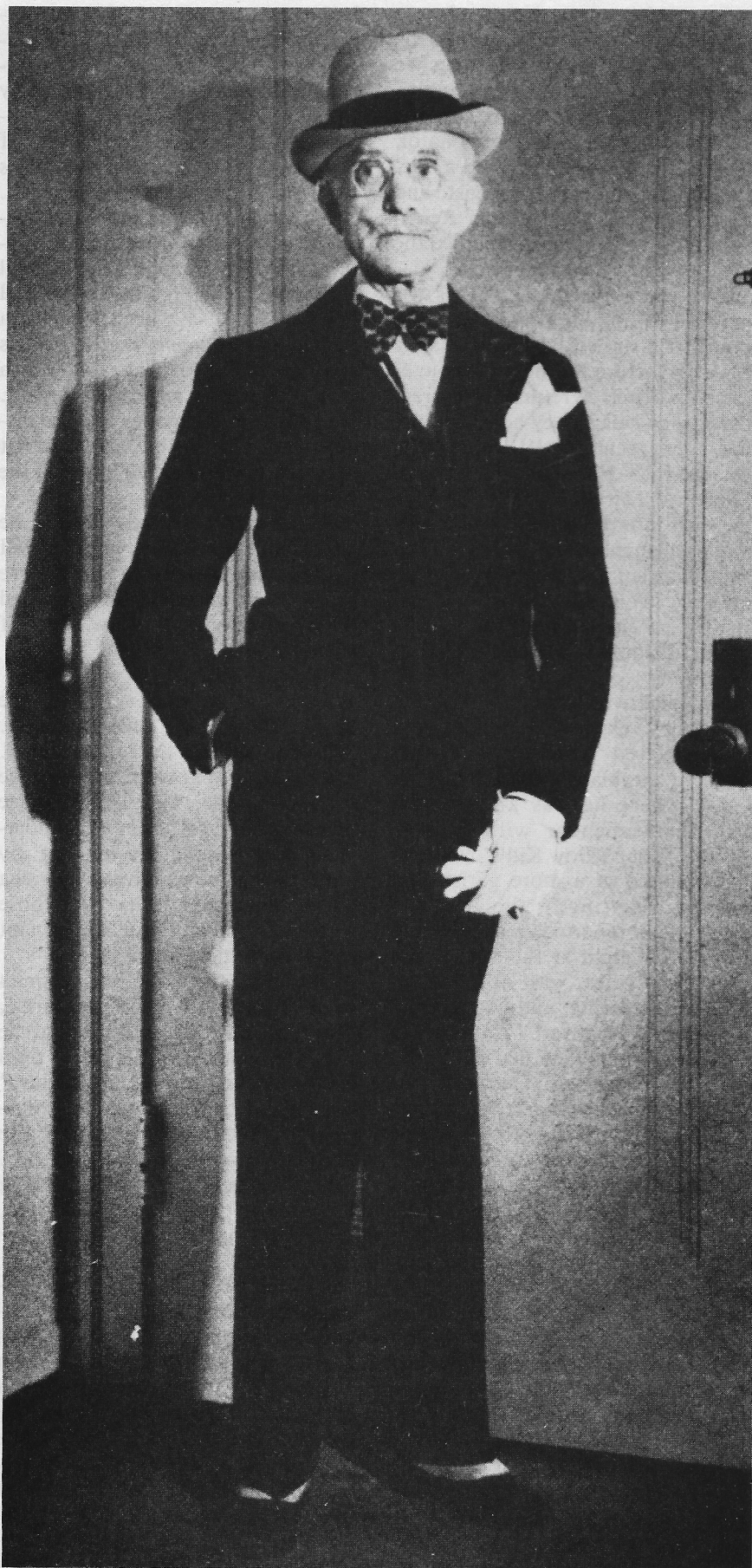
"I never met the lady again," he lamented, "but I often wished that I might. What a team we would have made. Boy, we could have conned the crown jewels out of the Tower of London!"

I WAS A PSYCHOLOGIST," the "Yellow Kid" once remarked. "My domain was the human mind. A Chinese scholar with whom I once studied told me, 'People always see themselves in you.' With this understanding I entered the lives of my dupes. The man who lives by an idea enjoys great superiority over those who live by none." Weil's dominant idea was to make money.

"Go to the average businessman with a scheme," he declared, "promise him big returns, and he won't let you out of his office until you are willing to take his money." Bankers, lawyers, and assorted business tycoons swooned under the captivating spell of Weil's charms. "Each victim thought he was getting something for nothing," he said, "but what he got was nothing for something."

In June 1924, a gentleman of distinguished bearing made an appearance in Cincinnati. Notable for his neatly trimmed whiskers, a foreign accent, faultless dress, and a chauffeur-driven limousine, he dined at the best restaurants, made the rounds of the fashionable hotels, and cultivated the friendship of high-society notables. The gentleman, a Dr. James Warrington, casually confided to his new friends that

Recommended additional reading: The Con Game and Yellow Kid Weil by W.T. Brannon (Dover Publications, 1974).



Toward the end of his crime career the aging but still dapper flimflam man tried going straight. But each legitimate business venture, whether a real estate deal or a circus, failed miserably. "There was a curse on any honest business deal he tried," Saul Bellow wrote.

he represented a German syndicate and that he had extensive investments in South American mining.

One day in July, Dr. Warrington—by now a well-known figure in Cincinnati—strolled into the Fourth National Central Trust Company with several bags he said contained cash, some \$300,000. He flashed a few of the bills and asked for a safety deposit box in which to keep the money temporarily. When Warrington informed the bankers at Fourth National that he intended to purchase a paper mill for his syndicate, they told him of a plant in Franklin, Ohio, that might be available.

Warrington then called on Mr. H. Kutter, who represented the interests of the mill in Franklin. After telling Kutter that he had come to this country from Shanghai and now had a close partnership with German diplomatic representatives, Warrington showed off a copy of the magazine *Current History* with his picture prominently displayed in it, and a book that contained an article on his work. The two men quickly became friends.

In October, Warrington informed Kutter that he had been able to acquire 1,500 shares of stock in something called the Verde-Apex copper mines, an allegedly rich lode that only a few investors knew anything about. Kutter, his curiosity and thirst for profit now thoroughly whetted, seized an inviting opportunity. Would Dr. Warrington possibly include him in this financial venture? The doctor agreed to take Kutter along on his next quest for Verde-Apex stock.

On October 21, Warrington escorted Kutter to an imposing office on Michigan Avenue in Chicago, purportedly that of brokers named Whitney and Endicott, associates of J.P. Morgan. Twenty to thirty employees crowded the office, several

warmly greeting Warrington as he walked in. After introducing Kutter to a number of the members of the firm, Warrington arranged for a later meeting to discuss the sale of stock certificates.

Several days later, the two men traveled to Waukegan, Illinois, where they met with a contractor willing to sell \$300,000 worth of stock if funds could be raised quickly. Warrington said that the price was satisfactory, but he would have to go back to Chicago and then to New York to raise the cash. The contractor demurred, saying that he needed an immediate, substantial deposit. With the consummation of the deal hanging precariously in the balance, Kutter came to the rescue. He offered to put up a \$37,000 deposit in return for a fair stake in the profits. Warrington accepted the joint arrangement, paid the contractor Kutter's money, gave the stock certificates to him, and left for New York to make final financial arrangements.

Kutter never saw Warrington again. When he returned to the formerly bustling office on Michigan Avenue, it was vacant. When he checked with German diplomatic officials in Washington, they had never heard of Warrington. When he visited the Chicago police, he identified the flowing whiskers in a mug shot as Warrington's. They belonged, naturally, to "Yellow Kid" Weil.

MOST OF WEIL'S VICTIMS were reluctant to approach law enforcement officials for two principal reasons: either they were themselves attempting to make a quick, illegal profit through the schemes promoted by Weil, or they were acutely embarrassed and humiliated, and feared publicity. Con men such as Weil almost never resorted to violence or threats; their profession was one of finesse, guile, psychology, and timing.

Weil served only a few prison terms—remarkable for a swindler who played for such high stakes over so many years. His courtroom demeanor was always one of restless impatience, as if the judicial proceeding were an unwarranted irritant. Defended by high-priced law-

yers such as Clarence Darrow, Weil on numerous occasions was able to charm and beguile judges into relatively light sentences. But as the "Yellow Kid" often pointed out, more than his charm saved him from a life behind bars. Claiming that he paid a flat 10 percent for protection to police and workers in the state attorney's office, Weil noted that his record showed "many a dismissal for want of evidence, many a verdict contrary to the evidence. None of those things is cheap."

Even when in jail, Weil strove to sharpen his scamming skills. While serving one sentence he secured a job in the prison hospital, pored over medical books, studied the physicians and their work, and came out with medical terms rolling off his felonious tongue. The "Yellow Kid" was soon mixing with—and conning—eminent surgeons.

In December 1939, Weil suffered perhaps his most ignominious moment. Trapped by Post Office inspectors and detectives at his Chicago apartment, the "King of Con" was found hiding in his clothes closet. Weil had been masquerading as a physician named R.R. Dorsine, and in the apartment the raiders discovered medical books, a physician's kit, and documents and letters from patients and associates. In the closet, the investigators found, besides Weil, fifteen suits with London trademarks, twenty hats, twenty pairs of spats, and sixteen pairs of shoes. The dean of con artists was a man of style, however ludicrous he appeared cowering in the closet.

Like Robin Hood, Weil's share-the-wealth crusade usually victimized the affluent in society; unlike the hero of Sherwood Forest, however, Weil had no intention of distributing his loot among the poor. Instead, he made investments—bad ones. At the urging of his long-suffering wife, Jessica, who persistently urged him to go straight, Weil invested in real estate and other legitimate enterprises. He failed miserably in these ventures. He and some associates once leased a circus and lost \$375,000 when they encountered twenty-two consecutive days of rain. "There was a curse on any honest business that he tried,"

Saul Bellow wrote. "The voice of fate seemed to warn him to stay crooked, and he did not ignore it."

Weil finally retired from the con game in the early 1950s, claiming he had lost his touch. In 1956 The "Yellow Kid," resplendent in a fine English suit with pocket handkerchief and a neatly trimmed beard, told Senate subcommittee members that the con men of the 1950s had degraded the scamming profession. Estes Kefauver and his fellow senators had listened to a parade of witnesses describe an organized crime ring that recruited teenage girls to fleece elderly women of their life savings.

The "Yellow Kid" was appalled. Bristling with indignation, he scolded the upstart con artists for their callousness, their disregard for "propriety," and lack of imagination. "We never picked on poor people or cleaned them out completely," he told the senators. Taking the life savings from a poor old woman, he reasoned, was just the same as putting a revolver to her head and pulling the trigger.

The aged but dapper king of swindlers said that he and his contemporaries had always targeted industrialists and bankers, those who had preyed on society. Weil revealed the old-time con men's saying, "Never send them to the river."

The con game, he said, was an art—and its most successful practitioners gifted craftsmen. The 1950s con men, the "Yellow Kid" growled, were no-account wolves, cheap imitators of the great names in scam.

Weil eventually settled down in Chicago to a life of respectability, and until death claimed him on February 26, 1976, enjoyed attention as a sort of folk legend. When interviewed in 1966, the "Yellow Kid" still looked dashing in a flashy vest, pearl stickpin, and magnificent beard. And he still philosophized on his criminal livelihood: "I never fleeced anyone who could not afford to pay my price for a lesson in honesty." ★

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Mary Harris Jones: “The Most Dangerous Woman

by Joseph Gustaitis

AT FORTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE Mary Harris Jones had every reason to believe that she had nothing left in life. Her entire family—a husband and four children—had perished four years before in a yellow fever epidemic. And now, in 1871, just as she was escaping her grief and nearing solvency with her own dressmaking business, all her possessions were reduced to ashes in the great Chicago fire.

But for Jones, that conflagration turned out to be a kind of metamorphosis. Throughout the next fifty-nine years, wherever desperate workers went on strike, wherever exploited child laborers cried for help, this querulous, gray-haired, black-bonneted woman with a high-pitched voice and piercing stare appeared to lead them on.

Mary Harris was born near Cork, Ireland, on May 1, 1830. Her father, Richard, sought by authorities for anti-British agitation, fled to the United States in 1835, became a citizen, and sent for his wife and children.

As a child Mary attended school in Toronto, Canada, where her father found work as a railroad laborer. Later she returned to the United States and worked first as a teacher in Monroe, Michigan, and then as a dressmaker in Chicago. In 1861, she was teaching in Memphis when she married George E. Jones, an iron molder. She learned firsthand about the workers' plight from her spouse, a steadfast union man.

While working in Chicago after suffering the loss of her family, Jones witnessed the “Gilded Age” gap between rich and poor. “Often while sewing for the lords and barons who lived in magnificent houses on the Lake Shore Drive,” she later recalled, “I would look out of the plate glass windows and see the poor, shivering wretches, jobless and hungry walking alongside the frozen lake front. The contrast of their condition with that of the tropical comfort of the people for whom I served was painful to me. My employers seemed neither to notice nor to care.”

After the Great Fire, Mary Jones found solace in attending the meetings of the Knights of Labor, one of the country's first mass labor organizations. With their oratory, ideals, and solidarity, the Knights not only gave Jones the inspiration to rebuild her life but also provided her with a substitute family—a nation of



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in America”

workers who would bestow on her the title “Mother” Jones.

At one Knights meeting, Jones’s insightful questions impressed Terence V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman of the Knights from 1879 to 1893. A friendship developed, and Jones became a kind of roving organizer, advocate, and agitator for the nascent labor movement. Everywhere that laborers struggled to obtain better working conditions—in Pittsburgh for the railroad strike of 1877, in Chicago during the Haymarket riot of 1886, and in Birmingham for the 1894 strike of the American Railway Union—Jones could be found. She saw children working twelve-hour days for a dime, strikers murdered in their beds, workers bound to their employers like slaves—forever in debt to the company store.

When asked where she lived, Jones would simply reply, “Well, wherever there is a fight.” And she was uncommonly shrewd in the tactics of waging those battles. Her greatest gift, perhaps, lay in planning and executing what are now called “media events.” During the Pennsylvania anthracite coal miners’ strike of 1900, Jones organized the workers’ wives for an all-night march. She had the women “put on their kitchen clothes,” as she later said, “and bring their mops and brooms with them and a couple of tin pans. We marched over the mountains fifteen miles, beating on the tin pans as if they were cymbals.” Reporters marveled, and Jones became a national figure.

To Jones, child labor was the worst of capitalism’s sins, and when textile mill workers around Philadelphia—16,000 of whom were under sixteen years of age—went on strike in 1903, she led about 125 men, women, and children on a 125-mile march across New Jersey, through New York City, and on to President Theodore Roosevelt’s home at Oyster Bay, New York. When Jones and her followers finally reached the president’s Long Island estate, the Secret Service refused to admit her, and the march ended quietly. But Jones had made her point: child labor was an injustice that had to be corrected.

In 1912, at the age of eighty-two, Jones earned the label “the most dangerous woman in America”—a tag bestowed on her by a prosecutor in West Virginia, where Jones had gone in support of a United Mine

Workers’ strike. A bloody walkout had ensued and the governor declared martial law; Jones was arrested and charged with “conspiracy to murder.” “There sits the most dangerous woman in America,” thundered the military court prosecutor. “She comes into a state where peace and prosperity reign. She crooks her finger—twenty thousand contented men lay down their tools and walk out.” Jones was condemned to twenty years in prison, but, under threat of a Senate investigation, the governor revoked the sentence.

Jones was eighty-five when she supported New York City’s striking garment and streetcar workers, and eighty-nine when she participated in the nation’s first great steel strike (1919). She visited Gary, Indiana, and denounced the capitalist “robbers and political thieves,” thundering, “I’ll be ninety years old the first of May, but by God if I have to, I’ll take ninety guns and shoot hell out of ’em.”

A rabblouser she certainly was. A socialist or communist? Not really. A feminist? Not in the conventional sense—she opposed women’s suffrage. And though she helped organize both the Social Democratic Party in 1897 and, in 1905, the Industrial Workers of the World, she was too much an individualist to follow without question, and so she often antagonized union leaders and other allies in the labor movement.

Jones died on November 30, 1930, and was buried in the United Mine Workers’ Cemetery at Mount Olive, Illinois. Seven months earlier, on her one-hundredth birthday, among the many congratulations she received was a telegram that read in part, “Your loyalty to your ideals, your fearless adherence to your duty as you have seen it is an inspiration to all who have known you. May you have continued health and happiness as long as life lasts.” It was signed by that scion of capitalism, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

“He’s a damn good sport,” Mother Jones acknowledged. “I’ve licked him many times, but now we’ve made peace.”

Two months later, though, after sending Rockefeller, Jr.’s ninety-one-year-old father a goodwill birthday telegram, she added, “I wouldn’t trade what I’ve done for what he’s done.” ★

Emmy-Award-winning writer Joseph Gustaitis lives in Brooklyn, New York.



A pioneer woman's epistle describes the common experiences—and tragedies—of emigrants on the Oregon Trail.

A Letter Home

by Lucia Lorain Williams

with an

introduction by Jerry Gildemeister and paintings by Don Gray



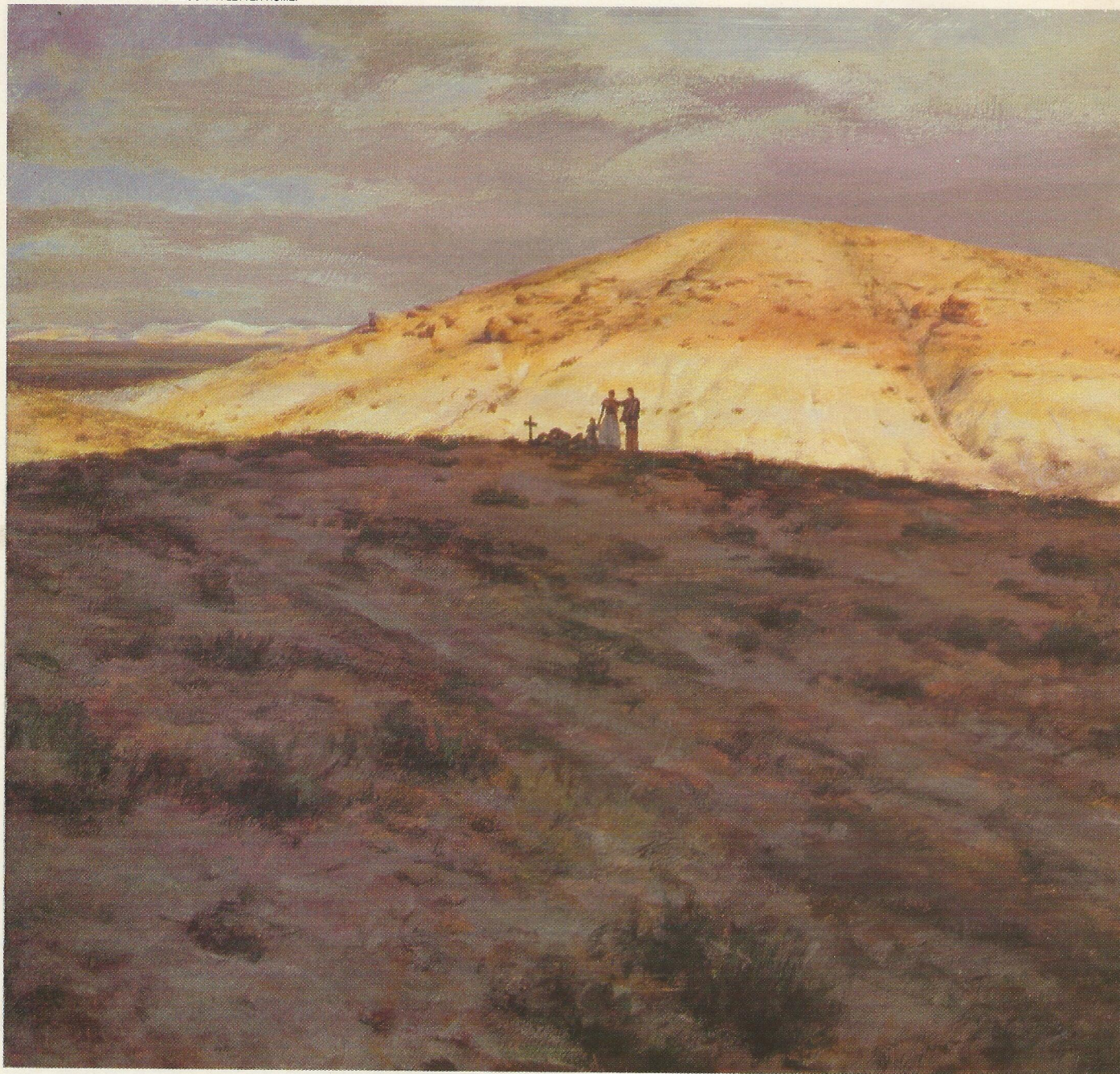
IN THE SPRING of 1851 Elijah Williams, his wife Lucia, and four children (Richard, fifteen; George, twelve; John, eleven; and Helen Lorain, four) left their home in Findlay, Ohio, and headed west for the Oregon Territory. Following the Mormon and Oregon trails, the family rode with an emigrant party that included fourteen wagons and two carriages. Their 2,000-mile journey across prairie, mountain, and desert re-

quired nearly four months, and only five of the family's six members lived to reach their destination.

While on the trail, Lucia Williams wrote a letter to her mother and paid a mountain man to deliver it to Fort Laramie. He evidently took the money and cast the letter aside. So, shortly after her arrival in the Willamette Valley in September 1851, Lucia wrote another letter to her mother, describing the family's journey.

Lucia's letter was kept in the family, and a copy was transcribed near the turn of the century. The surviving account—edited for clarity and slightly abridged on the following pages—is a poignant reminder of the common experiences (and tragedies) shared by emigrants traveling west on the overland trail. ★

This article is excerpted with permission from A Letter Home with text and photographs on the Oregon Trail by Jerry Gilmeister and paintings by Don Gray, published by the Bear Wallow Publishing Company, Union, Oregon 97883 (120 pages, \$24.50).



September 16, 1851

Dear Mother,

We have been living in Oregon about two weeks, all of us except little John, and him we left twelve miles this side of Green River. He was killed instantly by falling from a wagon and the wheels running over his head.

After passing the desert and Green River [in present-day Wyoming] we came to a place of feed and laid by a day for the purpose of recruiting [resting] our teams. On the morning of 29 June we started on. John rode on the

wagon driven by Edwin Fellows. We had not proceeded more than 2 miles before word came for us to turn back—we did so but found him dead. The oxen had taken fright from a horse that had been tied behind the



wagon preceding this, owned by a young man that Mr. Williams had told a few minutes before to leave, and [the runaway team had] turned off the road. Two other teams ran also.

John was sitting in the back of the wagon, but as soon as the cattle commenced to run he went to the front and caught hold of the driver who held him as long as he could, but he was frightened and did not possess presence of mind enough to give him a little send which perhaps would have saved him.

Poor little fellow! We could do nothing for him, he was beyond our reach and O! How suddenly!

One half hour before we had left him in health as lively as a lark, and then to find him so breathless so

soon was awful. I cannot describe to you our feelings.

We buried him there by the roadside, on the right side of the road, about 1/2 mile before we crossed the Fontonelle, a little stream. We had his grave covered with stones to protect it from wild beasts, and a board with his name and age. If any of our friends come through I wish that they would find his grave and if it needs, repair it.

Helen had been sick nearly all the way, and at the time that John died she was getting a little better so that she could get round a little. It was impressed upon my mind that we were not all to get through, but I thought it would be Helen that we should leave, for she was continually sick. We think she had the scarlet fever on the

“Last night we were awakened by serenaders—five horsemen circled around the carriage singing ‘Araby’s Daughter.’”

road the night that we passed Fort Laramie. She was very sick and came out with a fine rash accompanied with a high fever. She would not be satisfied unless I was rubbing her all the time; her throat was sore and she vomited blood several times. After she had partially recovered, the skin came off her hands and feet and from off her body in scales. After recovering she was tolerable healthy and enjoyed herself well. She could talk to the Indians and throw the lariat with a great deal of glee.

An old squaw and a young one with a papoose came and sat on one side of my fire, the papoose tied to a board. They were Snakes and commenced talking to Helen. She would jabber back and laugh, then they would talk and laugh, until they got into quite a spree. The mother of the papoose wanted to swap her papoose for mine but I told her “no swap.” I believe she would have done it as she seemed quite eager to trade.

After we passed Fort Laramie I wrote a letter home and sent it to the fort by a mountaineer calling himself a mailcarrier, but have since learned that he was an imposter and that there were others in pursuit of him. As you may not have received that I will mention some things over again concerning our journey:

[Nebraska]*

After crossing the Missouri** our company was so large that we separated—making two, one bound for Oregon, and the other via Salt Lake. In our company were 14 wagons and 2 carriages, one Baptist preacher from Iowa, one family from near Norwalk, Ohio—the gentleman’s name was Lockhart. Mrs. L’s [Lockhart’s] sister accompanied them.

Also there were Judge Olney from Iowa and two other families, one a widow with five small children. They elected Mr. Williams Captain in which honourable office he served until we crossed the Blue Mountains and were out of danger from Indians.

The first tribe that we passed through was the Omaha. They are a beggarly set. Next came the Pawnee, and they are the tallest, strongest, and most savage, also the noblest looking of any of the tribes that I [saw] while we were camped at Shell Creek. Several of them came and stayed with us—they were nearly starved. Their hunting excursions the fall previous had not proved successful and most of their warriors, some 300, had then gone onto disputed territory, between them and the

Sioux, to hunt. The day previous to our arrival at Shell Creek the Pawnees had taken two cows from a company, exacting them as pay for passing through their country, and the captain, being afraid, dared not refuse. They wanted some cattle of us but did not get any.

Smith came up and camped with us and [the] Jon Williams company from Illinois, also several other companies who all united in constructing a bridge.

The next day, 13 May, about noon, companies commenced crossing some 80 wagons, all in a heap. The bridge was constructed of brush with logs on top. We swam the cattle and crossed a little before sundown, went through a sea of water onto an island and camped without wood.

In the morn the wind arose and blew the carriage over with Helen and myself in it—Mr W [the writer’s husband Elijah] standing upon the wheel to keep it down. However, they got us out without serious injury to us, but the carriage top was broken short off, for the wheels stood uppermost for two hours.

I never saw it blow harder. Mr. Lockhart’s wagon started off towards the river and three men could not stop it until they succeeded in running the tongue into the ground. Mrs. Olney’s bonnet was blown off [as was] the boiler to my stove, tin pans, hats and pillows, buck-etc., etc.—nothing recovered but the pillows belonging to Mr. L and to the Captain. All our cattle gone but we succeeded in finding all but one cow that [had been given] to Mr. W by the owner of the ferry on the Missouri; she was an excellent cow and I suppose that the Pawnees got her.

Arrived at Loup Fork on the 15th—a perfect jam—the ferryman was a half-breed. While here we saw the Pawnee hunters returning loaded with buffalo meat half dried. It was thought that they had some 8000 lbs on their ponies.

After crossing Loup Fork we passed the first grave, and from that on until we passed all the roads turning off to California there was not a day that we did not pass one or more.

21 May—We had one of the worst storms that I ever read of. It beggars all description—thunder, lightning, hail, rain and wind. Hailstones so large that they knocked a horse onto his knees. The driver got out and held the oxen by the heads for they showed a disposition to run. Most of our things were completely soaked, so the next day we stopped and dried up. It was the last hard storm that we had.

On the 23rd we came to a creek that overflowed its banks, Elm Creek. The water was some 20 feet deep but not very wide. They fell a tree over the creek and packed the loading [across on foot], put our wagons into the water with a rope attached to the tongue, and swam them across.

**As an aid to the reader in following the progress of the emigrant party, the narrative has been divided into passages encompassing the present-day-states through which the pioneers traveled.*

***During this portion of its journey the party was following the Mormon Trail. The travelers probably crossed the Missouri River near Kaneshville (later Council Bluffs), Iowa.*



While there, two strangers on horseback came to our camp—one, a Mr. Kinny who had lost a hundred head of cattle in a stampede occasioned by the severest storm he said that he ever witnessed. He was some days ahead of us and had run out of provisions. We gave him his dinner and supplied him with sugar, coffee, bread, etc. while he would be looking for his cattle.

On the 28th we came up with Kinny; he had found one third of his stock. While here we had buffalo meat. We did not like it very well as it is much coarser than beef. We saw herds of them. The antelope (and this country abounds with them) is most excellent—also mountain rabbit. Passed several prairie dog villages. W and myself went among them but they ran barking to their houses which are holes in the ground. They are as large as a half grown kitten.

31 May—Camped near the lone Cedar tree—received visits from seven Sioux Indians [and] prepared supper for them.

June 1—Passed the Sioux village. Their wigwams are made of buffalo skins (the Pawnees' were mud). They seemed to be a much wealthier tribe than any that we [had] yet seen. The squaws were in antelope skins ornamented with beads; the men were also clothed with skins or blankets. They owned a great many ponies. On one of the wigwams were several scalps hung out to dry—taken from the Pawnees. They were friendly.

I saw some beautiful bluffs, apparently not more than 1/2 mile off, and wished to visit them. W consented to

go with me but said that it was further than I anticipated. We walked 4 miles, I should judge, crossing chasms and bluffs before we reached the road and after all did not ascend the one we set out for. Camped by the Platte. No wood [to burn], but buffalo chips, which we have used for a long time.

4 June—Passed Chimney Rock and camped under Scotts Bluff near two wigwams. [Their occupants] came over to eat with us. I helped to get supper for two Indians. We gave them a knife and fork—they took the knife but refused the forks. They were well dressed in blankets with a hood to come over the head. They were very careful to take all from their plates and tie it up in a corner of their blankets. They belonged to the Cheyennes.

[Wyoming]

On the 7th we arrived at Fort Laramie, and on the 8th commenced crossing the black hills. Some of them were steep. Laramie Peak to the left covered with snow.

9 June—Crossed the red hills and camped by a lake.

17 June—Traveled over 20 miles and camped by the Devils Hole, or Gate. In the morning two young ladies and myself visited it. The rocks on each side were perpendicular, 400 feet high, and the narrowest place was about 3 feet, where [the] Sweetwater came tumbling through. The road leading to it was crooked and thorny, but we found all kinds of beautiful flowers blooming beside the rocks; it was the most sublime spectacle that I



ever witnessed. I must not forget to notice Independence Rock which we passed [the day previous]. I did not ascend it but read several names of friends.

We [were passing by] the Sweetwater Mountains which are plentifully besprinkled with snow. The wind which comes from them is very cold—a shawl is not uncomfortable any of the time excepting when the air is still, then it is uncomfortably warm.

Gathered several pounds of Saleratas,* very nice, from a lake that had dried up. We [had] to take particular care that our cattle [did] not drink at any of these alkali springs and lakes—carcasses of cattle are plenty along here. Crossed [the] Sweetwater seven times and passed the Wind Mountains where it blew a perfect hurricane all the time.

19 June—[Could] see the Rocky Mountains [at] a distance of some 60 miles. The tops were covered with snow, and from there they looked like fleecy clouds. Camped near two snowbanks in a beautiful valley.

22 June—Passed between the twin mounds and over the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. We could hardly tell when we were on the summit, the ascent had been so gradual, although we were nearly 8000 feet

above the level of the sea. A little to our right [were] ranges that are covered with snow. Nights and mornings we suffered with cold. Camped at the Pacific Springs.

25 June—After laying by a day on Big Sandy, started on to the desert at about 2 o'clock P.M.—found it a barren sandy plain, no vegetation except some stunted sage. Drove all night. Towards morning found it more hilly until we came down to Green River which was high and rapid. Paid \$10 per team for ferriage here. We found several white families living in wigwams. They were Mormons and soon going to Salt Lake. Also some white men having squaws for wives. Snake Indians, the most of their tribe with Mourner their chief, had removed to Bear River a few days previous.

[Idaho]

July 1—Crossed Bear River through an Indian village and were guided by them across the water. Passed some traders; paid them toll for crossing a bridge over a slough and Thomas Fork, camped on the latter.

2 July—[During the] night we were awakened by serenaders—five horsemen circled around the carriage singing "Araby's Daughter." It was a beautiful starlight night. We were surrounded by bluffs in a little valley, and on being awakened by their song, seeing their pant-

*Potassium or sodium bicarbonate, i.e., baking soda.

“I kept on to where there were several companies camped. I was cold and wet. Helen was not well. I drew near a fire and seated myself on the root of a tree.”

ing steeds and looking around upon the wild country, it seemed as tho we were transported into Arabia. They were beautiful singers from Oregon; said they were exiles from home. They sang “Sweet Home” and several others. Invited us to stay and celebrate the 4th. Said they would make us a barbecue, but we were anxious to get on and the affliction that we had just suffered unfitted us for such a scene. Jo Williams and company remained.

5 July—Came to the Soda Springs about noon. The water oozed up from between the rocks, the surface of which was red as blood. The water was warm. A little farther on we came to the cold spring which was in the bank of Bear River. There were two close together—one in a rock. The water boiled up as it would have done in a cauldron kettle and was very cold. When sweetened it tasted like small beer. I was fond of it, [and] took a canteen full and started on, but the gas escaped soon and was not good.

A mile farther and we came to the Steamboat Springs where the water rises about 2 feet, foaming from the middle of a rock. The water was soda and warm; the rock was also warm. For several feet around the basin the noise resembled the puffing of a steamboat.

[Here there were] plenty of Snake Indians begging for bread or shirts or any kind of clothing. We could get a pair of moccasins for a bit of bread. At night we camped beyond a pool of soda water which is said not to be good at this place. There were two traders living with squaw wives. I took Helen and called upon them. They were going to Fort Hall with a band of ponies to sell.

6 July—Lockhart and Rexford, the Baptist preacher, remained in camp to recruit their cattle. The rest of us moved on to a creek—plenty of willows for fuel and fish. We bought some salmon trout from an Indian for a couple of pancakes.

8 July—Traveled 20 miles—most of the way sandy; camped on a branch of the Snake. Two Indians came into camp. Mr. W made them stay all night as they looked rather suspicious. About midnight one of them arose cautiously and crept in the direction of one of our horses. On seeing the guard was watching him, he laid down a bit before he tried again, but with no better success.

9th July—Arrived at Fort Hall, a desolate looking place and filled with thieves. We saw one emigrant that had lost nine horses. He offered \$100 reward. The Indians brought four back. He then offered as much more. The Indians then started again; in all probability they were the ones that [had taken] them. The whitemen traders are worse than Indians. We heard of a great many emigrants who had lost horses, and one company

who had lost twenty-four head of cattle near this place.

10 July—Heard that Lockhart and Rexford wanted us to wait for them. Accordingly, [we] laid by near a pond where was excellent grass. At night they came up, minus two horses. One they recovered, belonging to a hand; the other belonged to Mr. R which he did not recover, making the 2nd that he had lost. The first was taken from him while in Kanessville.

11 July—On starting, found that two head of our stock were staggering from the effects of alkali which they had eaten with grass—the ground in some places was white with it, under the grass. Mr W fed one fat pork and lard and left it with a couple of men. The other, a cow, soon fell. He gave it alcohol and left it at night. The ox was driven in but the cow was dead—the last one that gave milk.

14 July—Drove 22 miles; camped on Spring run. An Indian half breed camped within a few rods of us with several horses going to Oregon. On one side of us [was] quite a patch of rushes 6 feet high. At night there seemed to be considerable fuss in the rushes—a duck was scared up, [and] the mules were frightened and ran the length of their lariat from the rushes. Our guard kept a vigilant watch. In the morning one of Indian Dick’s horses was gone. His squaw and papooses started on with us but he went in pursuit of his horse.

16 July—Dick the Indian came up. He had recovered his horse; said he traced his horse behind the bluffs where he saw his with three more American horses and three Indians. One of the Snakes shot an arrow at him which he dodged; [the Indian] then shot another which he also dodged. It was then Dick’s turn, who fired his rifle loaded with three balls. One of the Indians dropped; the others ran. He then seized his horse and another one and started back but an Indian shot the other horse. Dick belongs to the Nez Perces and hates the Snakes as bad as a whiteman does.

17 July—[At twilight this evening] we had quite a fright. Dick camped by us again. Williams was at his fire when he discovered 4 Indians creeping along the brow of the hill. Dick caught his rifle and ran crouching about 200 yards and fired. One of the Indians hollered in a manner that I never shall forget and they all ran. Our folks ran back to camp for weapons. Those that had no rifles armed themselves with axes, clubs, or any thing that they could get hold of. We did not know but there was a body of them at hand and thought best to be prepared for the worst.

We were unfortunately camped near a thick body of willows, on the other side of which was a small creek whose banks were rather steep. Mr. W told myself and children to get into a wagon and lay down in the bed. I

was preparing to do so when Mrs. Rexford sent for me to come and stay with her. We did so and sat watching the willows for a long time. Several times we thought that we heard a splashing and saw an Indian peeping out of the willows. But alas! Sadly, to the disappointment of some who wished to have a round with them, we were not disturbed again.

18 July—Traveled about 15 miles over a sandy bottom and camped on the Snake. Descent to water 10 feet—on the opposite bank was a boiling spring. Powell's company camped at the the same place. They had a horse stolen last night, [and] fired at an Indian without effect.

20 July—Started on to a desert of 25 miles at 2 P.M. Camped on account of darkness. When the moon arose we again started. Reached water about 11 A.M. but not before one oxen had given out entirely. When they let him out of the yoke he reeled and staggered so that he could not be driven. We then left him 5 miles from water and returned with food and water, after which he was able to come to camp. It was a much harder stretch upon our cattle than the first 44 miles, because it was more sandy and warmer also.

28 July—Came to the hot springs. There was a little drain or stream running across the road about 1/2 mile from the spring. It was such beautiful water that several of our company alighted to drink, but on a near approach they were satisfied with jerking their heads away. Some complained of burning their lips, and those that were at first deceived tried their turn to deceive others.

Camped and visited the springs; there were two. We found the water hot enough for cooking. The ground a few feet from the spring was covered with *Saleratas*, and those of the company who were short of the same replenished their store.

31 July—Camped on the Snake. Indians came with salmon to sell. I let them have Helen's apron with a needle and thread and bought salmon enough for several meals. I wish you could [have eaten] with us. I certainly never tasted any fowl or fish half so delicious.

August 1—[In the evening] J. Williams came up and camped on one side, on the other a very large Hoosier company. The night before, the [Hoosier] company camped on Rock River, the banks of which are very steep and high. Some five or six Indians came into camp in the morning to sell salmon. While they were trading, one of the Indians jumped on to a valuable horse and made towards the bluffs. The Indians then showed fight and some twenty or more came up the river bank and dared them to fight.

Williams had a man from Illinois that [the Indians] had shot the week before in the same place where we came so near a fight [17 July encampment]. This young man was on the last guard, standing before the fire, and an Indian shot him through the body. He fell and rose two times, cried "O God! I am shot!" Think of leaving him at Fort Boise.

2 August—Reached Fort Boise. Quite a pretty place situated on the other side of the Snake; did not visit it.

[Oregon]

5 August—W's [Williams's] company came up. That young man was considered to be dying. He had hopes of getting well—poor fellow. I did not go to see him.

6 August—Camped on Burnt River. W's company came up. The young man is dead and buried. He had one brother with him.

7 August—Came to Powder River. The sand and mud was full of shining particles which some took to be gold. There were some so eager to wash gold that they could not eat. We got some specimens.

Camped in one of the loveliest valleys in the world, called Grand Round [Grande Ronde]. It resembled an enchanted valley, as we wound around the hill before descending into it. Found plenty of Cayuse Indians.

10 August—Moved at the foot of the Blue Mountains. Paid an Indian three shirts for passing over a few miles of new road and avoiding a hill. Camped at the first creek—no feed. A gentleman from Puget Sound, Oregon, stayed with us. Going to meet his wife, from whom he had been absent three years. An Indian also to whom I gave supper. He ate a plate of beans, and one of bread, an apple dumpling, meat, etc.

11 August—Powell's daughter was brought into camp dead. We passed them at noon and inquired for her. They thought she was better. She left a husband and two children, the youngest a few weeks old. She was confined on the road. Powell is a Baptist preacher. In his company are 12 wagons, all connected except two. Bought potatoes and peas of Cayuse squaws. [The Indians of] this tribe dress like white people.

13 August—Parted into three companies on account of grass being scarce—[we were] out of danger from Indians now. Two Indians nooned with us. One of them showed how he had killed a Snake Indian; his arrow was bloody. Told where he had shot him and how he tore off the scalp. I could not help but shudder—we are alone.

14 August—Camped on the Umatilla. Found traders—one old gentleman married to a young squaw. She called at the carriage. I took Helen and visited her wigwam, also several others. We found a Mr. Johnson from Iowa, a Presbyterian preacher. He had been laying by for a few days in order to recruit his cattle and in hopes to hear of his cattle that went off in a stampede with Kenny's. He has a wife and several children—two young women grown—[they] appear well.

17 August—Camped on John Days river.

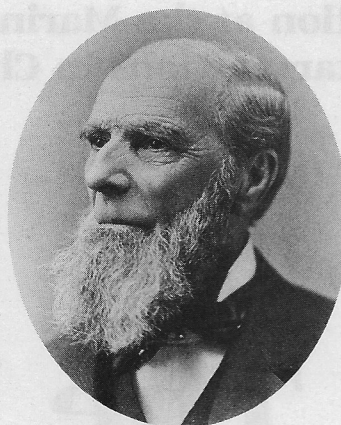
25 August—Started on to the Cascade Mountains—bad road. Camped on a muddy creek. No feed but plenty of browse—maple and alder.

26 August—Left an ox. Commenced raining—cold, very cold. We [were] near Mount Hood, whose top is covered with snow and above the clouds. Two other lofty peaks, one on each side of Mount Hood, are equally as white and apparently as tall.

Towards night found a patch of bunch grass, but the cattle would not eat it. Yoked up again and started on. Arrived within a mile of the prairie. Several bad hills to



Lucia Lorain Williams



Elijah Williams

descend. I took Helen and walked—got mired. W had gone ahead to find a camp. Word soon came for him to come back to the carriage. One of the wheels needed repairing. [They] could get no further. Unhitched the mules and oxen and left the wagons on the other side of the slough—drove them to the prairie.

It was raining and I could not see to return to the wagons, so kept on to where there [were] several companies camped. I was cold and wet. Helen was not well. I drew near a fire and seated myself on the root of a tree.

I looked around and discovered two families that had traveled with us a few days. Their names were Allen and Sanders. They shook hands with me and sat down to their supper, never inviting me. Helen was crying for bread, but I tried to quiet her. Soon a lady from another wagon came to me, gave me a seat before the fire, and went to get me some supper. Mr W came up at that time, and thinking that I was going to fare hard, asked Mrs. Woodard to give me some supper. Said he would pay them. They gave me a cup of tea and some bread, etc., but my heart was full and I could not eat.

The husband of this other lady, a fine looking man, came up and introduced himself as Mr. Chandler. We had often heard of them on the route. He is a Baptist preacher, formerly president of some college in Indiana and going to Oregon City to found some college or school. They are fine people. Mrs. Allen let us have a tent cloth and pillow to make our bed in the rain, but Mrs. Chandler went to work and made us as comfortable as she could under a tree. It rained all night and W got up before day and made a fire close by the bed. Mrs. C gave us breakfast. The next day we were able to return their kindness in some measure. Their horses gave out and could not pull their carriage. We helped them up several hills—took Mrs. C and two children into our wagon. They are Vermonters—Allens are from the reserve.

27 August—I cannot describe these mountains; they have been a scene of suffering. The snow sets in next month and falls to the depth of 50 feet. The road is strewed with the bones of cattle, horses, wagons, yokes, and in short, a little of everything. Descended one hill where we had to tie trees behind our wagons. Crossed Laurel hill, the worst hill of all. I never could give you a

description if I should write all night, so will close my narrative soon.

September 1—I camped within a mile of a house. Bought some potatoes at \$1 per bushel. Had several calls from white men.

2 September—Came in sight of a house. Helen clapped her hands, laughed and called me to see. It was a long log house with a stick chimney at one end. Soon we saw another house painted white. She then changed her mind, called that a house and the log one a steam boat. “Ma Ma will we go in and live in that house and see there is chickens and pigs?”

3 September—Arrived at Milwaukie, and went into a house to live again, the first one that I had been in since we crossed the Missouri. Helen was nearly wild with joy—did not want to camp out again.

27 September—You will see from the date that I have been a good while writing. I cannot tell you much about the country as I have seen nought but this place which is situated in the Willamette. Steamboats and vessels from the salt water come here but cannot go to Oregon City at all times. We are eight miles below the city and six from Portland, [which] has the best harbor in the world. [Milwaukie] is eighteen months old—has three taverns, three stores—provisions from 50¢ to \$1, chickens \$1, wheat \$1 per bushel, beef is 18¢ per pound.

Labor is high, though not as high as formerly—from \$2 to \$10. A girl can get \$1 per day. Most of the house girls, however, are men and boys. Girls are foolish that they do not come to Oregon to marry. There is no end to bachelor establishments—several in this place who board themselves, and others [who] hire a cook. Tell Mrs. Mariam that I have a rich merchant picked out for her, Jane Wilson also. ★

Lucia Lorain Williams was born in 1815 to Reverend Henry and Margaret Bigelow of Middletown, Vermont. In 1845 she married Elijah Williams, a lawyer and widower with three sons. Two years later their daughter Helen Lorain was born. Soon after completing the journey described on these pages, the Williamses settled in Salem, Oregon, where a son, Emmet Bigelow, was born in 1853. Lucia Williams remained in Salem until her death on May 22, 1874.

An exhibition at the Marine Corps Museum documents American military actions in China during the Boxer Rebellion.

The Eagle and the Dragon

by Anne Skelly

Chinese bullets were kicking up the dirt around our feet and whining over our heads. The man at my right was Private Kelleher. . . . We kidded each other about ducking our heads. Suddenly Kelleher dropped to the ground. I said, "Come on, are you tired?" but the dark red stain on his shirt explained it all.

(Marine Private James Bevan describing the attack by a multinational force on the walled city of Tientsin.)

IN NEATLY WRITTEN LETTERS, another Marine private, Oscar Upham, wrote in his diary how he and men from the battleship USS *Oregon* were embarking "upon one of the most exciting ventures ever known in the annals of history." U.S. Marines were the first western forces ashore in this Asian campaign, at a place where the names of local native cities, Taku and Tientsin, are eerily reminiscent of more recent American involvements in the region. But it was not Korea or Vietnam for which Private Upham had sailed. He and twenty-five fellow Marines from the battleship USS *Oregon* had been transferred to the

USS *Newark* for temporary duty in China. Their mission: to help protect American and other western diplomats in Peking from an uprising of Chinese extremists whose goal was the extermination of all foreigners. The year was 1900.

The role of Marines in enforcing American policy abroad is not a recent phenomenon, as a major exhibition at the Marine Corps Historical Center in Washington, D.C., demonstrates. Entitled "The Eagle and the Dragon: Marines in the Boxer Rebellion," the exhibit sheds light on the beginning of American advance base forces and the willingness of the United States to deploy its servicemen to protect American interests on foreign shores.

The exhibit chronicles the three-month-long uprising (May to August 1900) of Chinese peasants and soldiers against foreigners, and the subsequent role of the U.S. Marines and other western troops sent to defend the allied legations in Peking. More than four hundred rare photographs—accompanied by uniforms, firearms, flags, documents (including Private Upham's diary),

and other artifacts—tell the story of the Boxer Rebellion.

At the time the uprising took place, the Chinese countryside was in a disastrous state. Two successive harvests had failed because of a lack of rain, and a devastating famine had resulted. The people suffered still more as locusts plagued the land and the Yellow River flooded.

The hungry Chinese could do little to avert these natural disasters, but they felt they could lash out at foreigners and the modern ways they were bringing to China. Distrustful of western influence and religion, many saw these as threats to traditional Chinese teachings and to the country's social structure.

China in 1900 was a weak, backward nation exploited by colonial powers. To counter foreign domination, the Chinese needed western technology to make themselves self-supporting. But when Chinese leaders attempted reforms, foreigners gained even more influence, because western advisers and materials were needed to implement modernization of the country. And the outsiders



did not hesitate to exploit China's resources for their own advantage. As one historian has stated, "Before the turn of the century China felt itself to be in the position of a corpse laid out on the international dissecting table."

UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, many of China's hungry peasants eagerly joined the Boxer movement, a secret society that preached hatred of the "foreign devils." The Society of Righteous Harmonious Fists or I Ho Ch'üan (the movement's official title) believed in the extermination of foreigners through ritual use of martial arts and traditional Chinese weapons. "Protect the country, destroy the foreigner," was a favorite Boxer motto. Boxers wore identifying armbands and turbans, and wielded spears, knives, and clubs.

To make matters worse for foreigners, China's ruler in 1900, the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi, was one of those who regarded changes in

Chinese life and culture with suspicion. In 1898 she had deposed the reform-minded emperor Kuang-Hsü, and during the months that followed she gave unofficial support to the Boxer movement, viewing it as a means of eliminating foreign influence. Chinese Imperial troops, in fact, did most of the fighting in the "Boxer" uprising.

In December 1899, Boxers murdered a British missionary, the Reverend S.M. Brooks, in Shantung Province. The following spring, Boxer-incited riots swept across the region. At first, Chinese Christians and missionaries were the targets of the violence, but by May 1900 virtually all foreigners in northern China were also in danger. When the Boxers began to cut rail and telegraph communications to Peking, western diplomats in the capital requested that allied troops be sent in to protect them. A U.S. Marine detachment consisting of forty-eight Marines, three bluejackets, and two machinists from the USS *Oregon*

John Clymer's dramatic painting (above) depicts some of the intense combat that took place between Boxer extremists and U.S. Marines defending a sector of the Legation Quarter at Peking, during an eight-week siege of the foreign legations by Chinese in the summer of 1900.

and *Newark* was the first to arrive at the port city of Taku.

As hostility turned to warfare during the weeks that followed, troops from Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and Russia also landed in China. This multinational force represented an unprecedented alliance among the eight major military powers of the day. Its formation also marked the first time since the Revolutionary War that the United States had entered into a major military alliance with another country.

From the landing point at Taku, the first reinforcements for the Pe-

king legations—340 soldiers, sailors, and marines from six nations—traveled by boat twenty-five miles up the Pei Ho River to the inland city of Tientsin, and from there by rail to Peking.

On June 8, Boxers severed rail traffic between Tientsin and Peking. Two days later a 1,950-man international relief force, led by British Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, left Tientsin by train to reopen communications with the legations. But Seymour's expedition encountered stiff resistance from Boxers en route to Peking and suffered many casualties. Finally, on June 19 Seymour began a withdrawal back toward Tientsin. He was unable to reach it, however, for Boxers and Imperial troops had laid siege to the international settlement and railroad station at Tientsin on June 17, in response to attacks by western naval forces on the Chinese forts at Taku. Seymour's expedition was forced to take refuge in a fortified arsenal about six miles north of the city.

Fierce fighting continued at Tientsin, where the foreign residents were now defended mainly by a force of Russian troops. American mining engineer and future president Herbert Hoover, who had brought his wife to Tientsin for medical treatment, was among those taking refuge there.

"They moved toward us led by huge figures in head masques and women in white turbans and red sashes carrying red and black banners," wrote American sailor Wendall Brown, describing an attack by Boxers at Tientsin. "Groups of spearmen carrying red tasseled spears, gingol crews, swordsmen, riflemen and archers were flanked by bands of blaring trumpets. . . . at the third volley they were fast opening a space between their main body and their dead and wounded."



Additional relief forces arrived in China near the end of June. These included more U.S. Marines from the Philippines, led by Major L.W.T. Waller, who noted that "the foreign concessions in Tientsin . . . are in desperate straights. Seventeen hundred allied soldiers, aided by several hundred civilians, are manning the defenses. They are surrounded by 50,000 Chinese."

Despite the formidable odds, the 2,000-man international relief force drove back the resistance, captured the native walled city at Tientsin after suffering heavy losses, and rescued Seymour's forces.

Lieutenant Smedley Butler, destined to become one of the Marine Corps's legendary heroes, was among those sent from Manila to Tientsin. During heavy fighting, Butler, although wounded in the thigh, risked his life in company with Lieutenant Arthur Harding to carry a wounded Marine to safety. He received a brevet medal resulting in a battlefield promotion to captain.

MEANWHILE, the diplomatic corps in Peking also came under siege. Sarah Pike Conger, wife of U.S. Minister Edwin H. Conger, wrote in her diary that on June 18 a terrific din arose in the Native City. "The cry was 'Kill, kill.' It sounded as though madness itself were set loose. . . ."

On June 20, soldiers murdered

Baron von Ketteler, the German minister to China. Realizing the gravity of their peril, all foreign women, children, and government representatives, along with about two thousand Chinese Christians, fled to Peking's Legation Quarter. Chinese soldiers opened fire on the legations later the same afternoon.

The Legation Quarter was bounded on the north by one wall of the Forbidden City, home of China's Imperial rulers; on the east, by the Great Eastern Street that led to the Chinese Foreign Office; on the west, by a Chinese residential section; and, on the south, by the Tartar City Wall, which was over forty feet high and forty feet thick. The American legation was in the southwest corner of the Legation Quarter.

Marines, including Private Upham, under the command of Captain "Handsome Jack" Myers, defended this strategic corner. The position was, according to the legation defense commander, "the peg which holds the whole thing together"—if it fell into Boxer hands, the Chinese would be free to overrun all of the legations. The defenders constructed a barricade on the wall to strengthen the allied position. In late June, the Chinese attacked Captain Myers's position, but the Marines repulsed the attack.

As the uprising stretched into a months-long campaign, the bravado of Private Upham's earlier diary entries began to contrast sharply with his later thoughts. His once-neat handwriting was replaced by entries that appear to have been scribbled in haste. Upham's thoughts reflect how one of "the most exciting ventures" turned sordid and bloody: "The situation is growing worse," Upham recorded on June 14. "Fires are burning everywhere. Boxers are determined to exterminate everything foreign."

"The Eagle and the Dragon" exhibition on the Boxer Rebellion may be seen at the Marine Corps Museum, Building 58, Washington Navy Yard, Ninth and M Streets, S.E., Washington, D.C. Museum hours are 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Monday through Saturday and noon to 5 P.M. on Sundays and holidays.

In early July, the Boxers drove the Germans from the position they were defending along the eastern barricade of the Tartar Wall. The U.S. Marines posted at the wall were now flanked by enemy forces on two sides. The Boxers pushed a fifteen-foot tower up to the wall, from the top of which they were able to fire over the barricade directly into the American legation. Myers and his troops, including U.S. Marines, Royal Marines, and Russian soldiers, launched a raid that ultimately overran the Boxer barricade, killing thirty-six.

"The charge was made, our men yelling like Indians . . .," wrote Upham. "Privates Turner and Thomas being in the lead . . . Our men soon had the Chinks on the run and shot down about 60 of them. . . . Our men were quite busy throwing dead bodies over the wall. Capt. Myers received a spear wound in the leg, poor Turner was found shot through the head and Thomas was hit in the stomach."

BY EARLY AUGUST, additional U.S. Marine and Army reinforcements had arrived in Tientsin. They joined a 16,000-man international relief force that now marched toward Peking, where the last fighting of the rebellion continued. The new arrivals brought the total number of Americans in the relief expedition up to 2,500, including 511 Marines.

The march from Tientsin to Peking—a distance of eighty-four miles—proved to be a grueling one. "Men died everyday of sun strokes and fatigue," wrote Marine First Lieutenant William C. Harlee. "I did not get under the shade of a tree. . . . The water was so alkali that it was not drinkable. . . . The heat was so oppressive that it almost made a man wild."

On August 14, at about the same time that the relief expedition reached the outskirts of Peking, the legation defenders decided to advance the American position on the Tartar City Wall. Captain Newt Hall, who had assumed command from the injured Myers, later recalled how Marine Private Daniel Daly "begged permission to reconnoiter the Chinese barricade." Alone and with no means of rescue if detected, he moved on the wall toward the Chinese position. Daly found the Chinese barricade empty. Marines then crossed over the wall and drove the Chinese farther back, making it easier for relief forces to enter the city. Daly received the Medal of Honor for his brave reconnaissance.

Later the same day, Marines under the command of Major W.P. Biddle reached the city wall of Peking, already under attack by other elements of the relief expedition. Two companies were sent to the wall to protect American artillery from Chinese fire. Early on the morning of the 15th, the international relief force reached the legations, ending the eight-week siege.

On August 15 the allied forces attacked Chinese positions in the Imperial City. Private Upham wrote of that day that "the weather is fine and everyone is in good spirits. To see them, one would think they were in anticipation of going to a circus although we all knew that we had a hard nut to crack before we reached the 'Forbidden City'."

"There are four large gates to pass through to get to the Imperial City," Upham's diary continued, "and each one is covered with steel plates and fastened with a heavy bar of steel. We battered open the first gate with our big guns by placing them within ten feet of the gate. As soon as they were open, we received

a volley from the Chinese who had taken a position in front of the second gate. Using a marble bridge for breastworks, our men started to go after them, but the firing was so hot they were ordered back. We had 15 men wounded inside of 10 seconds; after dropping a few shells into them we had no further trouble. We threw out a skirmish line and chased them into the Imperial City, our men taking the lead all of the way."

With this attack, Peking fell to the international force, and Chinese resistance collapsed. The Empress Dowager and royal court fled from Peking, ultimately reaching Sian, about seven hundred miles from the Imperial City.

The allies agreed not to divide up China, but to "preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity." A Joint Note was issued, containing a series of provisions meant to punish the Chinese government. China was fined an indemnity of \$333 million and was compelled to allow the stationing of foreign troops in Peking. Tzu Hsi would ultimately return from exile to rule again.

The aftermath of the Rebellion, specifically the provisions of the Joint Note, were to have lasting effects on China and the West.

"Well, the siege is ended," Private Upham wrote, "so I think that I will close hoping that we will soon have the extreme pleasure of greeting our shipmates once more, which I suppose will be a great surprise to them. All through the siege we had never held out any hopes of a rescue and never gave it a second thought." For Upham and his fellow Marines, "one of the most exciting ventures in the annals of history" had come to an end. ★

Anne Skelly is a public relations practitioner and freelance writer working in Washington, D.C.

Marines in the Boxer Rebellion

by Michael Miller

China in 1900

By the end of the nineteenth century, the age of colonialism had reached its zenith. The great powers of the world had touched all corners of the globe, claiming land and economic concessions from underdeveloped countries. In natural reaction to these intrusions, a series of open revolts occurred in Africa and Asia. The most famous of these movements occurred in China with the emergence of the Society of Harmonious Fists, or "Boxers."

Having suffered humiliating defeats and racked by internal rebellion, China had earlier been forced to accept relations on foreign terms. Trading stations were established in the interior of the country, and many missionaries entered China, intent on converting the populace to Christianity.

With her weaknesses painfully demonstrated, China began a modernization process to compete with those outside forces. Until her strength could be revived, China resisted foreign intrusions in a variety of ways but soon found that violent reaction was of little use. Destruction of property resulted in heavy monetary retribution and new incursions of foreign troops. Under the direction of moderate voices, China tried to play the foreign powers against one another to avoid confrontation on a united front.

The defeat of China in the Sino-

The narrative and illustrations on the following pages have been drawn from "The Eagle and the Dragon," the exhibition currently showing at the U.S. Marine Corps Museum in Washington, D.C.



Japanese War in 1895 opened relatively untouched North China to western influence. In the same year, the missionary movement began to open all of China to the teachings of the Bible. In response to these pressures, the Emperor Kuang Hsü began a drastic reform movement in 1898 to hasten the modernization process. The movement failed, and the Emperor was deposed in favor of the conservative Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi. Already antiforeign in temperament, she was additionally bitter against foreigners because of their involvement in the abortive reform movement. Into this troubled time was born the northern-based Boxer movement.

Ruler of China for fifty years, the dowager empress Tzu Hsi was conservative in nature and antiforeign in temperament. The threat of outside intervention made her constantly suspicious of changes in Chinese life and culture.

The Boxers

Based on a tradition of secret societies, the Society of Harmonious Fists or "Boxers" began to form in North China following the Sino-Japanese War and gained prominence in 1898 in Shantung province. The cult had no central leader, and its dogma varied depending on locality. However, every Boxer had one goal above all else, to rid China of the foreign "menace."

The major characteristic of the movement was a series of public physical exercises designed to produce a magical trance that would ward off foreign bullets and shells. These exercises caused westerners to name the practitioners "Boxers" after similar exercises in the sport of boxing.

The membership of the society consisted mainly of the poor, illiterate, and unlawful elements of Chinese society. These followers rejected foreign arms and used only swords, polearms, knives, and staves to combat the foreign soldiers. Their only attempt at a uniform was a simple sash, waistcloth, or armband, commonly red. Rather than weapons, the Boxers would rely on spirits to drive the intruders out.

Call to Arms

On November 1, 1897, two German missionaries were murdered in Shantung Province, the center of antforeign activity in North China. In response, Germany demanded and obtained Kaiochow Bay to be leased as a naval base in compensation.

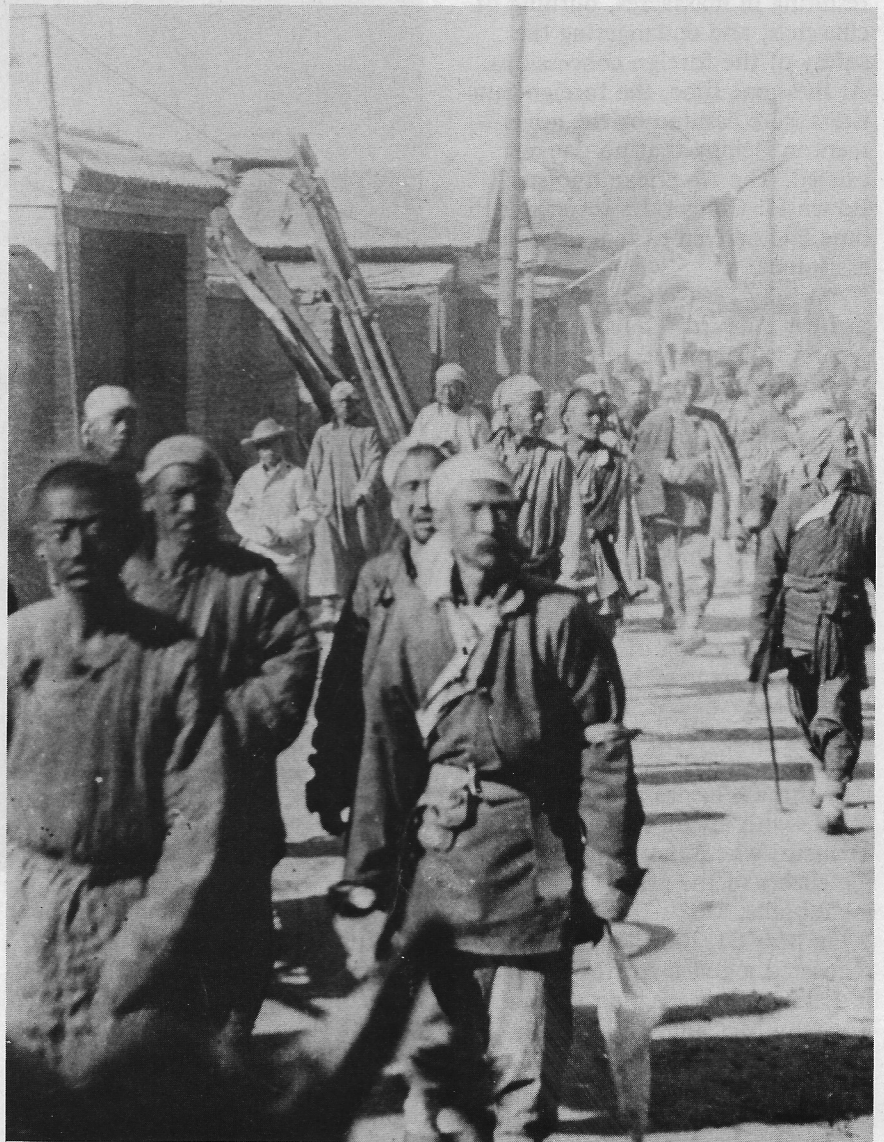
Antiforeign sentiment increased as Russia, Britain, and France soon followed suit, establishing naval bases of their own on Chinese soil.

At the same time, other events caused widespread unrest among the general populace. In 1899 famine swept the northern provinces, and in the spring of 1900 a lack of rainfall prevented the planting of crops. As a final blow, the Yellow River flooded 2,500 square miles

of countryside and forced the evacuation of 1,500 villages.

In the wake of these political and natural disasters, the Boxer movement grew stronger, particularly encouraged by the local governor of Shantung, Yu Hsien. On December 31, 1899, a British missionary was murdered, causing a demand by the foreign governments for China to bring the Boxers under control and protect foreign lives.

A naval demonstration on March 23 by the Germans, British, Italians, and Americans failed to diminish the antiforeign temperament of the government. The Boxer attacks were directed primarily on missionaries and their converts,



Identified by their armbands, sashes, and headbands, Boxers roam the streets of Tientsin. This is the only known unstaged photograph of Boxers other than as prisoners.

resulting in massacres, burning of churches, and endangering the safety of the foreign concessions. At the same time, the foreign ministers were assured by the government in Peking that no danger existed. The American minister, Edwin H. Conger, however, felt the time had arrived to request military assistance.

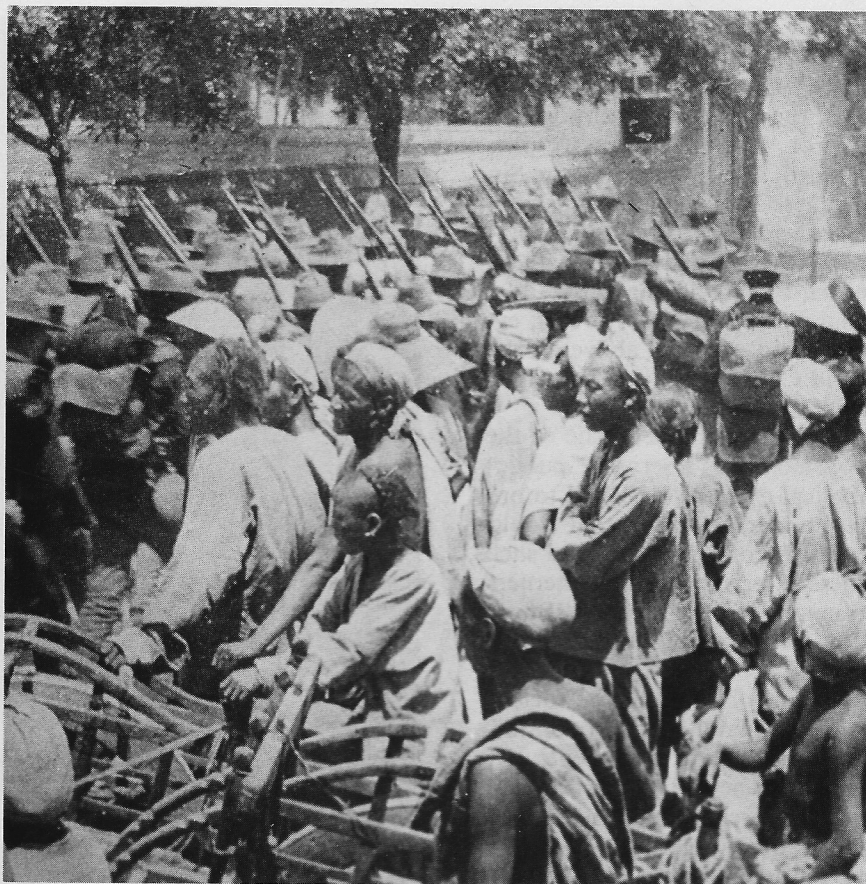
On May 18, Conger issued a call to Rear Admiral Louis Kempff, second in command of the Asiatic Station, to make a personal visit to Peking to impress upon the Chinese the lurking threat of military action. On May 27, Kempff in the USS *Newark* dropped anchor off the port of Taku. There was no great feeling of emergency, for Conger had instructed Kempff that a landing party was unnecessary.

On the morning of May 29, however, a steamer brought a message to the *Newark*, requesting a landing party of fifty Marines. Kempff promptly sent a force of fifty-three Marines and sixty-three sailors with a Colt machine gun to Tientsin, where they were met by the cheers of the grateful foreign inhabitants.

On May 31, the foreign ministers requested a guard for the legation in Peking. That evening, Captain Bowman McCalla, USN, of the *Newark* led a force of fifty-three Marines and six sailors to Peking as part of an international force of 340 men, including British, Russian, French, Italian, and Japanese contingents.

Peking: the Siege Begins

On June 4, the railroad to Peking was cut by Boxer raiding parties, prompting a second landing party to be dispatched from the *Newark*. Thirty-eight sailors and eleven Marines, along with a Colt machine gun, were sent to Tientsin to protect the railroads. At the same time Admiral Louis Kempff ordered Marine detachments of the USS *Yorktown* and USS *Mono-cacy*, totaling twenty-five men, to Taku by steamer. He telegraphed



Admiral George C. Remey in the Philippines for a battalion of Marines, which was refused. Remey was concerned that China would sap the strength of operations in the Philippines as well as draw America into a war that was against her national policy.

The first brush between Marines and Boxers in Peking occurred at 5 P.M. on June 13, when the Methodist Chapel was burned. On June 14 and 15, Marines ventured out into the city to rescue Chinese Christians who were being slaughtered by the Boxers. Marines killed many of the Boxers and returned with several hundred Christian survivors. At the same time, Boxers set fires each evening to the cries of "Sha! Sha!" or "Kill! Kill!"

With the attack on the Taku forts by the allies on June 17, the Chinese government insisted that the legations be evacuated, as a state of war existed. On June 20, while the foreign ministers deliberated a course of action, Baron Clemens Kettler, the German minis-

On May 31, 1900, the threat posed by Boxer extremists prompted ministers at the western legations in Peking to request allied troops for protection. Here curious residents of Tientsin watch a 53-man U.S. Marine detachment march to the railroad station, as part of a 340-man multinational force sent to the Chinese capital.

ter, was murdered by Imperial Chinese troops. At 6 P.M., the siege of the Legation Quarter began with intense rifle fire on the American legation.

On June 23, Chinese sharpshooters were cleared from the Tartar Wall by German marines and twenty U.S. Marines under Captain John T. Myers, USMC. On June 25, Myers returned to the wall and began to fortify the area with stone barricades, as did the Germans on the wall behind their legation. It was readily apparent that the Tartar Wall would be the key to holding the legations.

The Seymour Relief Expedition

On June 8, the telegraph lines to Peking were destroyed, effectively isolating the legations from the world. Rear Admiral Louis Kempff and the other senior naval commanders in conference decided to advance on Peking with all the forces then at hand.

On June 10, a 1,950-man multinational relief force under the command of Vice Admiral Edward Seymour, Royal Navy, departed from Tientsin for Peking on two trains. The expedition included 112 Americans, of which fifteen were Marines. The trains proceeded without incident until 3:30 P.M., when the track was found to be damaged. Repairs began and the advance continued until a stop was made just short of Lofa Station. Next day, repairing of the track slowed the advance to a crawl.

On June 14, 500 Boxers made their first concerted attack on the expedition, killing five Italians in their initial charge before being driven back in hand-to-hand fighting. Another attack was repulsed at Lofa. Unfortunately, the bridge over the Peiho was burned after the trains passed, effectively cutting them off from Tientsin.

On June 19, the commanders of each nationality agreed to withdraw to Tientsin. At 3:00 P.M., the trains were burned and the retreat began. The wounded and supplies

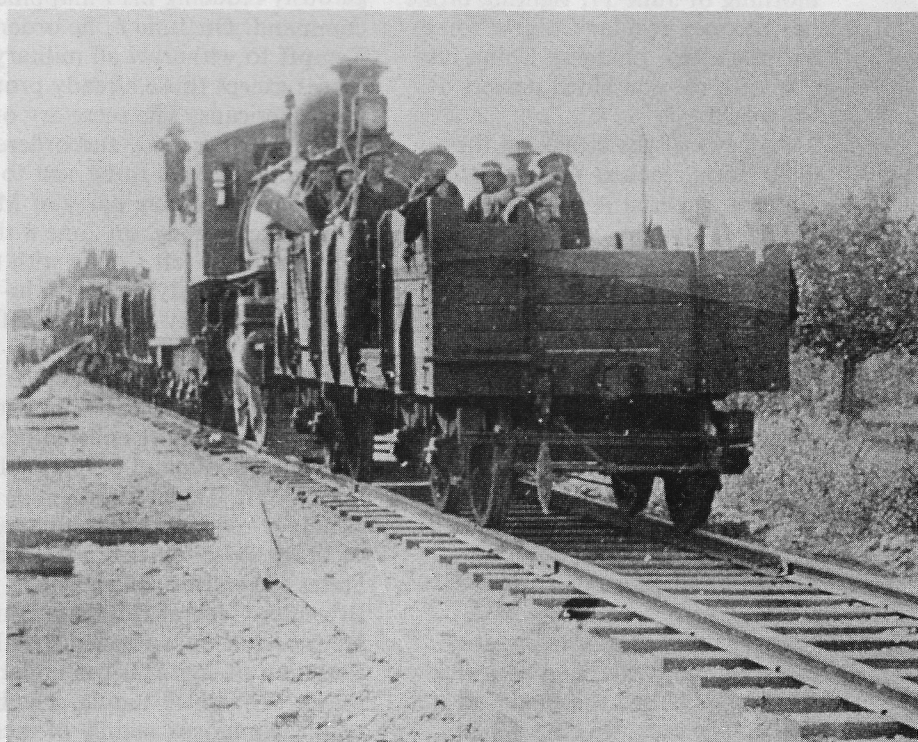
were loaded onto sampans for the journey downstream. The Americans were chosen to lead the withdrawal, fifteen U.S. Marines forming an advance guard followed by American sailors. At 9:30 A.M. the following morning a running fight began, lasting the remainder of the day.

On June 21, Seymour's expedition met strong resistance from regular Chinese army forces. The Allies suffered heavy casualties but broke the back of Chinese forces, driving the enemy toward Tientsin. However, with less than one day's supply of ammunition remaining, prospects for survival appeared bleak.

At daybreak on June 22, McCalla's men discovered the Ksi-Ku Arsenal ahead. A flanking force of Royal Marines took the arsenal in the rear while two American Marine sharpshooters picked off the Chinese artillerymen, killing five Chinese at one gun and seven at another.

Inside the arsenal, the allies found plentiful medical supplies, ammunition, artillery, and other provisions. The troops were now safe and remained inside the walls, repelling enemy attacks.

On June 8, Boxers severed communications between Peking and Tientsin. Two days later, British Admiral Edward Seymour led a 1,950-man relief expedition toward the capital aboard two trains. British and American Marines preceded the force as ground support, and the lead train (below) was headed by a flatcar carrying a 6-pounder gun. After encountering heavy resistance and becoming isolated by sabotaged rail lines, the ill-fated expedition was forced to turn back on June 19.



Action in Tientsin

Tientsin remained quiet following Admiral Edward Seymour's advance and for a time supplied him with food, water, and ammunition. On June 14, the USS *Monocacy* arrived off Taku and sent twenty-three sailors under command of Lieutenant Commander Noble E. Irwin, USN, to Tientsin to join the twenty-five Marines already on station. The entire city defense force numbered 2,000 men, composed of Russians, Americans, Britons, Japanese, French, Germans, Italians, and Austrians. Violence flared the same day as the Boxers became bolder, burning and plundering the Chinese native city and interrupting the trains from Taku. Fifteen separate fires were counted in the walled city, and the sailors and Marines remembered hearing "the screeching and howling of an immense mob."

With communications severed between Peking, Tientsin, and the fleets anchored off Taku, the combined naval leaders of the foreign nations presented an ultimatum for the surrender of the Taku Forts. The Chinese refused and, on the morning of June 17, fighting broke out between regular Chinese forces and the allies, plunging China into war with the combined powers of the world.

As news of the attack on the Taku Forts reached Tientsin, the Chinese Imperial Army joined in the Boxer attacks, striking repeatedly the railway station and the Taku road. A general bombardment of the city by regular Chinese forces began at 3:00 P.M. on June 17.

On the morning of the 18th, American scouts reported a force of 800 Boxers on the Taku Road moving toward the foreign city. Irwin quickly deployed thirty-two sailors and Marines on the road several hundred yards from the Peiho River.

Irwin's men began firing at a range of 500 yards, and with the first volley halted the Boxer advance. The second volley felled

several of the force's leaders, and a third and fourth drove the band back to cover.

The Chinese attacks continued daily, with the Americans filling the role of a mobile reserve, in reinforcing various parts of the foreign concession as needed.

On June 20, a detachment of twenty Marines patrolled the Peiho. They soon came under fire from Chinese snipers hidden across the river in peasant huts. Corporal Edwin J. Appleton, Privates James Burns and Henry W. Heisch, and a sailor took a sampan across the river under heavy fire. Once on the far bank, they succeeded in burning the huts and returned safely. For their actions, the three Marines received the Medal of Honor.

Marine Corps Response

As the situation at Taku worsened, Admiral Kempff repeatedly asked for a Marine battalion to bolster his small command. His superior, Admiral George C. Remey, refused, fearful of further involvement in matters not related directly to American interests and of dangerously reducing his Philippines command. On June 6, he ordered Kempff to withdraw all military forces except those already protecting Americans. The secretary of the navy intervened, and ordered an additional ship to be sent to Taku with a landing party of Marines. Accordingly, on June 8 the USS *Nashville* left Cavite with two officers and thirty enlisted Marines, just twenty-four hours after receiving its orders.

On June 13, the USS *Solace* sailed from Cavite for Taku with six officers and 101 enlisted men under the command of Major Litleton W.T. Waller, USMC.

Remey requested that a battalion of Marines be sent from the United States to replace Waller's men. Brigadier General Commandant Heywood at once formed the 4th Battalion of 228 Marines under Major William P. Biddle. The battalion, composed mainly of men

with less than three months' service, left Washington on June 24 and arrived in San Francisco on June 30, sailing the following day on the transport USS *Grant*. The 4th Battalion was diverted while at sea to reinforce the Marines at Taku.

An additional Marine battalion was also later dispatched, as were Army and Navy units. As the seriousness of the situation in China became known around the world, other nations mobilized forces, and soon military units were streaming to China in great numbers.

Relief of Tientsin

Major Waller's force of 131 Marines landed on June 19 and started for Tientsin the following day, along with 400 Russian infantrymen. The column halted that night to await expected reinforcements in the morning.

At 2:00 A.M., Waller was awakened by the Russian colonel, who decided to press on that night. Against Waller's objections, the column proceeded on foot, a Colt machine gun under Lieutenant William G. Powell leading. At 7 A.M., the Americans and Russians were almost in sight of the city when they began to take rifle fire from the nearby East Arsenal. In two minutes, the fire became intense, revealing an enemy force of 1,500 to 2,000 men. The Chinese infantry came within 300 yards of the Marines before combined Russian and American rifle fire drove them back.

Realizing that an overwhelming force lay ahead, the Russian commander passed the order to withdraw before becoming surrounded. The entire crew of the Colt machine gun had been shot down, and Marine casualties totaled four killed and nine wounded. The fighting continued for the next four hours. The Chinese continued to harass the withdrawal until 2 P.M., when the allies' camps were reached. Three American Marines were awarded Medals of Honor for bravery during the day's fighting. At 5 P.M., support

arrived from Tongku, including British, German, Italian, Japanese, and Russian troops.

On June 22, the force moved cautiously back up to the railroad, and halted at its camp of the 20th.

The following morning the column advanced on the foreign concession at Tientsin, meeting Chinese resistance at 7 A.M. The Russians and Germans attacked the East Arsenal while the American Marines and British Royal Welsh Fusiliers advanced directly on the city, taking fire but driving the Chinese back to Tientsin. At 11:30 A.M., with only 1,500 yards remaining, the Welshmen and Marines fixed bayonets and charged. One Marine remembered that the Chinese defenders "ran like sheep as they could not understand us keeping on coming while they were fighting." At 12:30 P.M., the Marines entered the concession to a joyous celebration by the inhabitants, who presented to each man a bottle of beer. Marine Private John Sullivan remembered, "If ever a man needed it, we did."

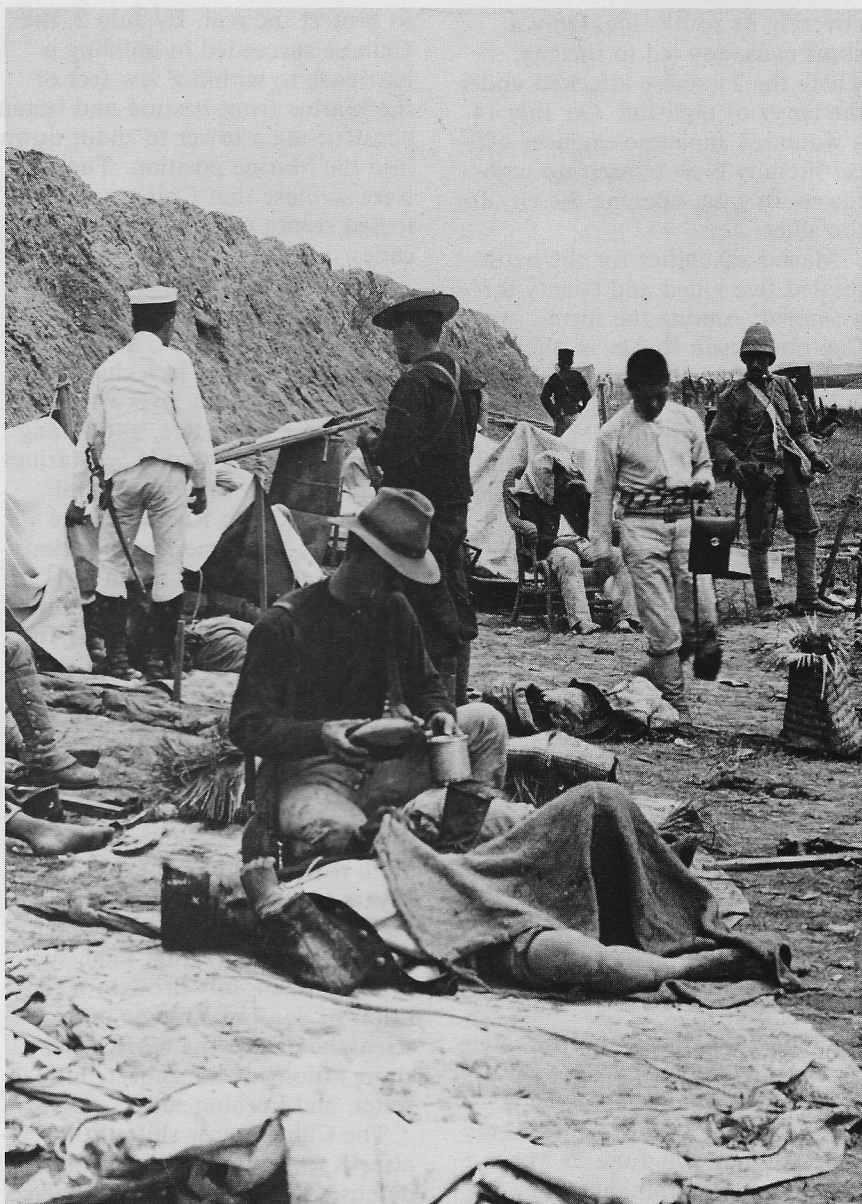
Battle of Tientsin

At 3 A.M. on July 13, a force of British, American, Japanese, and French troops marched to the West Arsenal, led by British Brigadier General A.R.F. Dorward, while a force of Russians and Germans attacked from the east. The American force under command of Marine Colonel Robert L. Meade was composed of 673 men of the 9th Infantry and twenty-two officers and 326 men of the 1st Marine Regiment. The allied force seized the arsenal without resistance and moved over an open plain to attack the walled Chinese city of Tientsin.

The attack quickly became disjointed. At 6:30 A.M., Meade received orders to assist the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in an attack on the left. Two companies went forward and by 8 A.M. reached a moat almost 800 yards from the city wall. Here the attack stalled, and the Marines lay in trenches and dikes the remainder of the day, firing at the city wall. Captain Ben H.

Fuller's battalion supported the attack with three 3-inch landing guns and three Colt machines guns, but soon expended all available ammunition. Fuller's battalion was then divided, one company under Lieutenant David D. Porter moving to the left to prevent a flanking attack, while the second company advanced to the right to support the 9th Infantry. Fighting continued into the evening, when the Marines retired, having expended almost all their 180 rounds per man.

The entire attack had been doomed from the start, for the Chinese city had a makeshift moat



On June 17, the western settlement at Tientsin came under attack by Boxers and Imperial Chinese troops. Six days later a relief column from the coast reached the Concession and lifted the siege. Chinese forces still held the nearby walled city, however, and on July 13 allied forces attacked this position. They finally took the well-defended city the next day after suffering over 600 casualties. Here American, Japanese, and British doctors tend to the wounded at a field hospital set up in the cover of a mud wall.

covering its south side. Only a short causeway led to the city, which the Japanese attacked under the cover of nightfall. On July 14 a wounded Japanese engineer officer literally blew himself up with the south gate, opening the city for the allies.

Marine casualties for the battle totaled five killed and twenty-three wounded. Among the former was Captain Austin R. Davis, the highest-ranking Marine to be killed in the campaign. While directing the fire of his company, he was struck in the chest by a jingal bullet. (The previous evening, while preparing for battle, Davis had a premonition of his death, waking one of his officers by saying, "I am going to be killed tomorrow and I want to wish you goodbye.") As Davis's body lay on the field, his face covered only by his campaign hat, his wristwatch was clearly visible to his men, who used it to keep time in the long minutes under fire.

Peking: Defending the Legations

On June 23, Chinese sharpshooters were cleared from the Tartar Wall by German Marines along with Captain John T. Myers and twenty U.S. Marines. On June 25 Myers returned to the wall and began to fortify the area with stone barricades, as did the Germans on the wall behind their legation.

Reinforcements of Russian sailors and British Marines helped the U.S. Marines hold their positions. As the Chinese redoubled their efforts to take the wall, they were repulsed each time. As one Marine wrote from the wall on June 28, "Dead Chinamen are getting very numerous up here."

On July 1, the Germans were driven from their barricades on the wall, thus exposing the American rear. Myers was forced to pull his men off, but later returned to the barricades with twenty British Marines who helped build barricades

to protect the rear. By July 2, the Chinese succeeded in building a barricade to within a few feet of the Marine front bastion and began constructing a tower to shoot down into the Marine position. The lines were so close that Chinese soldiers tossed stones into the Marine barricades.

That evening, Captain Myers led an attack of fifteen U.S. Marines, fifteen Russian sailors, and twenty-six British Marines in a charge over the barricades, overwhelming the Chinese defenders, and killing fifty while losing two U.S. Marines killed. Captain Myers, a Royal Marine, and two Russians were wounded. The American positions on the wall were not again seriously threatened, the opposition thereafter being mainly sniper fire. The most crucial position of the legation defense was now secure.

The Siege Continues

With the wounding of Captain Myers on July 3, Captain Newt Hall took command of the American Marines in Peking. Each successive day of July brought a repetition of constant sniping and strengthening of the barricades, short rations of horsemeat, little water, and burning sun.

The Chinese now shifted their attacks to the Japanese and Italian defenses in the Su Wang Fu palace and the French Legation, which were reinforced by American and British Marines with the Colt machine gun and "International Gun."

Finding direct assault on the Legation Quarter a deadly proposition, the Chinese resorted to tunneling under the legations. On July 13, they exploded a mine under the French Legation. Several French sailors were buried, but the follow-up attack was repulsed with heavy Chinese losses.

On July 17, firing ceased as the Chinese government offered a truce to the foreign ministers. Marines and soldiers of both sides exchanged food and cigarettes, and

the Chinese foreign office sent in melons, other fruit, and 200 pounds of flour as gifts for the foreigners, offering regrets that they could provide no ice to ease the discomfort of the 100-degree temperatures.

Despite sporadic clashes, the ceasefire continued until August 4, when the Chinese opened fire on the Legation Quarter from all sides. No real challenges were made by Chinese infantry, but the firing slowly wore away at the legation defenses.

The major problem, however, was a shortage of food. Committees were formed by the various civilians inside the Legation Quarter for food, hospitals, firefighting, and other vital matters. Rationing was a necessity, and horses were butchered for meat. Nevertheless, morale was kept up by a stream of messages that was incomprehensively allowed by the Chinese to be forwarded from the relief column that was approaching Peking. Each day of survival brought the Legation Quarter closer to relief.

The International Gun

On July 7 a working party of Chinese Christians digging for water in Peking's Legation Quarter uncovered a battered cannon barrel. The old muzzle-loader apparently dated from the Anglo-French expedition of 1860. U.S. Navy Gunners Mate Joseph Mitchell cleaned the tube and mounted it on an Italian one-pounder gun carriage. Russian sailors provided ammunition, and Mitchell fixed a wooden timber to mount the cannon.

The "International Gun," as it became known, was moved from legation to legation, driving back the most serious threats made by the Chinese infantry. Most importantly, the cannon was the only answer to numerous Chinese artillery bombardments. Without the "International Gun," it is doubtful that the Legation Quarter's defenses could have held out during the siege.



March on Peking

With the fall of Tientsin, the allies stabilized their position and awaited reinforcements for the march to Peking. The 14th Infantry and Reilly's battery of the 5th Artillery arrived from the Philippines where, with the already present 9th Infantry and 1st Marines, they came under the command of Major General Adna Chaffee, U.S. Army, who arrived on July 29 from the United States.

On July 25, Colonel Meade was unable to continue in command due to illness. Major Waller then took command of the 1st Marines. However, Major W.P. Biddle arrived in China with the 4th Marine Battalion from the United States on July 29, and, ranking Waller, assumed command.

At 4 P.M. on August 4, the

16,000-man relief column from five nations set out for Peking, under the command of Lieutenant General Richard Gaselee, British Army. The American contingent consisted of 2,500 men, including 511 Marines.

The most serious problem facing the Marines was the heat. The sun "made us stream with sweat; seared our lungs with every breath," recalled one member of the force. On August 5, Japanese infantry cleared Chinese forces entrenched at Peitsang. At 10 A.M. on August 6, Russian Cossacks found the Chinese army defending Yangtsun. In the advance, Marines were ordered to drive the Chinese from their positions outside the city as part of a general attack. The advance was made under a blistering rifle fire into a field of overgrown millet, which choked off air to the men and caused as

An old muzzle loader, found buried in Peking's Legation Quarter, was pressed into service by the allied defenders and did yeoman service. "Our new gun, the 'International,' manned by our American gunner, is booming at times and shakes the buildings," wrote Mrs. Sarah Pike Conger on July 9. "The noise is great. This is fine for us, as the Chinese are frightened at noise."



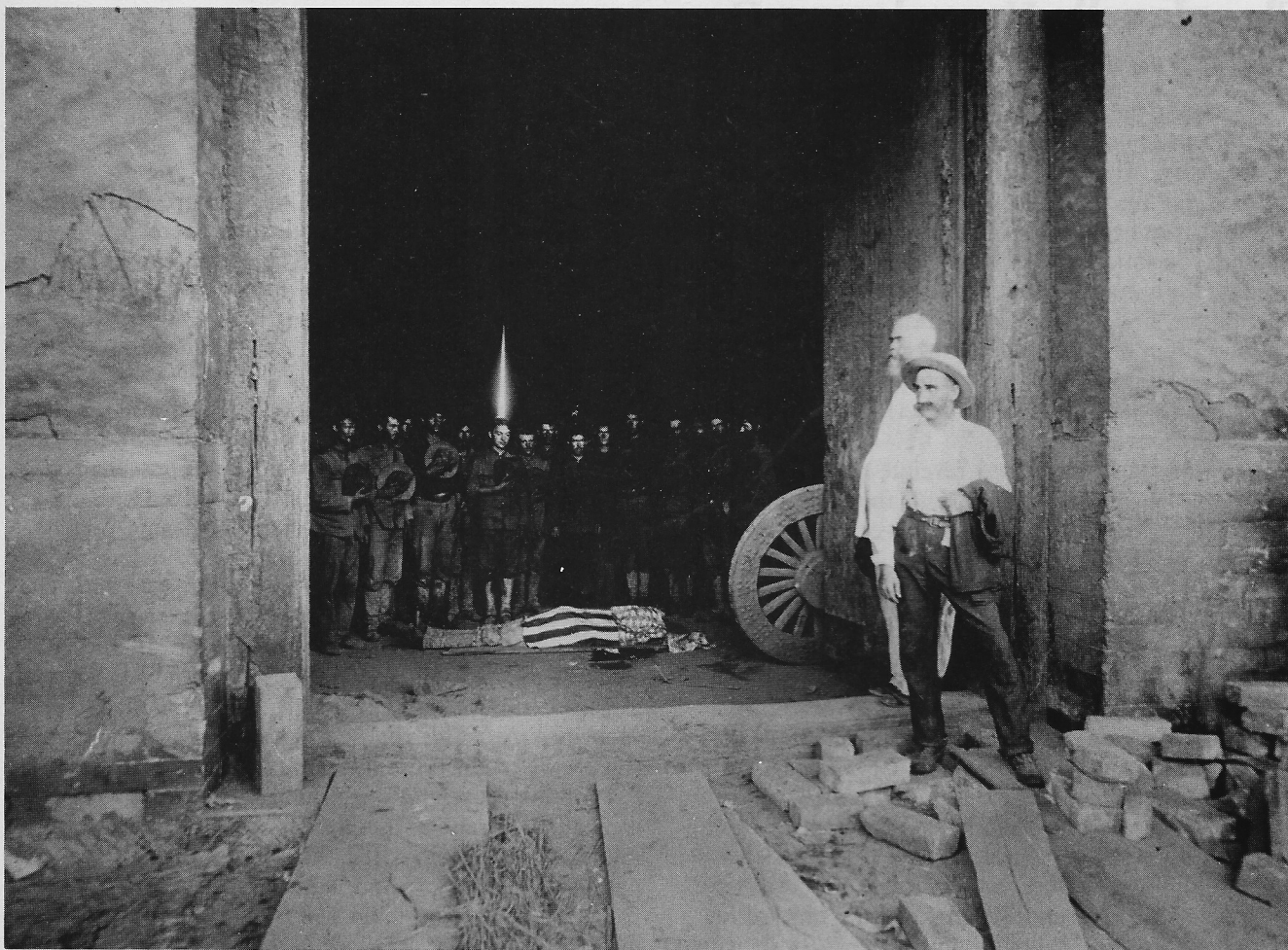
many as 40 percent of the Marines to fall out due to heat exhaustion, one private dying from sunstroke. An entire company halted in the field, unable to continue. A column of Chinese cavalry appeared on the flank, but the 1st Bengal Lancers arrived to clear the enemy. Nearing the Chinese trenches, the Marines opened fire and rushed the breastworks. The Chinese defenders broke and scattered without a fight. Only two Marine casualties were suffered, one wounded by rifle fire and one dead from heat stroke.

The entire relief column rested on August 8, and then resumed the march the following day. For the next five days, movement continued without serious opposition except from the heat. One Marine remembered the "days were like marching through hell." Another recalled, "It was a nightmare, now. Dirty exhausted men, dysen-

tary [sic], and typhoid breeding in them. . . . Yet we never knew what minute would find us facing that force of Chinese soldiers."

At 12:30 P.M. on August 14, Major Biddle's men reached the city wall of Peking, which was already under attack by the relief force. Two companies were sent to the wall to protect American artillery from Chinese fire, where two Marines were wounded. The 1st Marines were afterward lightly engaged. The following morning, Chaffee ordered an attack on the Forbidden City, supported by Marine sharpshooters on the Chien Men with Reilly's battery. After penetrating several gates into the city, the attack was withdrawn, the allies objecting to one nation entering the Forbidden City without the others. With the fall of Peking, Chinese resistance collapsed, allowing the allied forces to rest in respective zones of occupation.

On August 14, a 16,000-man relief force finally reached Peking, ending the eight-week siege of the foreign legations by Boxers and Imperial Chinese troops. In the photograph above, some of the allied troops approach the city wall.



Ceasefire

With the ceasefire in Peking on August 15, an end came to active campaigning by Marines in the Boxer Rebellion. The detachments from the *Newark* and *Oregon* were returned to their ships. Biddle's Marines remained as an occupation force until September 28, 1900, when General Chaffee was instructed to remove all forces from China except the Army Legation Guard. The 1st Marines returned to the Philippines, with the last detachment sailing on October 15.

Performance of the U.S. Marine Corps in the Boxer Rebellion had been more than able. American Marines and sailors were the first to reach Taku and the first into Tientsin. American Marines led the legation guards into Peking, and held the single most important post during the siege, the Tartar Wall. Marines occupied the point posi-

tion during the Seymour Expedition to relieve Peking and the later retreat to Tientsin. The 130-man battalion of Major Waller, together with the Russians, were the first to attempt to relieve Tientsin and, with the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the first into Tientsin to relieve the Foreign Concession. During the battle for the walled city of Tientsin, the small regiment under Colonel Meade performed with gallantry, advancing in support of the Royal Welch Fusiliers within a few hundred yards of the city wall. It maintained this position under a hot fire the remainder of the day. Acts of heroism during the eleven-week Boxer campaign resulted in Marines being awarded seven brevet medals and thirty-three Medals of Honor. ★

Michael Miller is curator of personal papers at the Marine Corps Museum and project officer for the museum's exhibition on the Boxer Rebellion.

One of the last American casualties in the Boxer campaign was Army Captain H.J. Reilly, who suffered a fatal head wound while directing his artillery battery outside the gates of the Imperial City. The blood-stained flag that covered Reilly's body (above), is among the artifacts displayed in the Marine Corps exhibit.

Cleveland's Unwelcome Bonanza

Continued from page 15

the wrath of the powerful veterans' lobby by vetoing hundreds of private pension bills he considered a raid on the Treasury. The 1887 State of the Union message summed up his philosophy in graphic terms: "Of course, it is not expected that unnecessary and extravagant appropriations will be made for the purpose of avoiding the accumulation of an excess of revenue. Such expenditure, besides the demoralization of all just conceptions of public duty which it entails, stimulates a habit of reckless improvidence not in the least consistent with the mission of our people or the high and beneficial purposes of our government."

Cleveland thus established revenue reduction as the only viable means for dealing with the crisis. Because import duties were the principal source of government revenue, Cleveland would have to launch an all-out attack on high protective tariffs. "But our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable, and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended."

Cleveland then disputed in turn each of the major protectionist arguments. American industry, he said, no longer needed protection as an "infant industry." High tariffs not only provided monopoly profits to many manufacturers, but they also hurt consumers by raising prices on domestic as well as imported products while doing nothing to assure higher wages for American workers, as the protectionists claimed the tariffs did.

Finally, Cleveland called upon Congress to act without delay. "This simple and plain duty which we owe the people, is to reduce taxation to the necessary expenses of an economical operation of the Government and to restore to the business of the country the money which we hold in the Treasury through the perversion of governmental powers." Then he concluded, "If disaster results in the continued inaction of Congress, the responsibility must rest where it belongs."

By framing his message in the terms he did, Cleveland achieved three major purposes. He spotlighted the serious danger the accumulating surpluses posed to the nation's economic health. Using this danger, he sounded a clarion call for long-overdue reduction and reform of the protectionist tariff structure. Finally, he laid the cornerstone of his campaign for re-election the following year.

The 1887 message was acclaimed throughout the nation. Even the protectionists admired the boldness of its attack. Nevertheless, the message was not enough to prompt passage of tariff-cutting legislation in 1888. The Democratically-controlled House, which had refused even to take up such a measure in 1886, did pass a bill, but the protectionists managed to block action in the Republican Senate. Several senators had argued that the correct way to cut revenues was to reduce the volume of imports by boosting duties still higher. Speaker of the House John Carlisle of Kentucky likened this approach

to "a man making himself rich by picking his own pocket."

CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE and the Congressional stalemate pushed the tariff issue to the forefront of the 1888 presidential campaign. The Democrats, ignoring their once powerful protectionist wing, strongly backed low tariffs, and the Republicans were equally strong in favor of continued high rates. But the voters' position on tariffs remained inconclusive after the lackluster campaign had drawn to a close. Cleveland won the popular vote, but lost the decisive electoral vote to Benjamin Harrison, the Hoosier grandson of President William Henry Harrison.

The new president initially faced the same financial crisis that had confronted Cleveland. Before long, however, his troubles on this score began disappearing. The Republicans, who now controlled both houses of Congress, proceeded to implement the argument they had made for increasing tariffs. Legislation they enacted in 1890 raised duties to a new high. The Republican argument proved valid; the new, increased rates produced the predicted drop in imports and revenues.

Without Cleveland's restraining hand, expenditures were up throughout the government. Harrison's commissioner of pensions led the charge on the Treasury with the battle cry, "God help the surpluses!" Outlays for pensions soared from \$88 million in 1889 to \$159 million by 1893.

Cleveland easily recaptured the presidency from Harrison in 1892, becoming the only chief executive to serve two non-consecutive terms. While the tariff was again a central issue in that campaign, the surpluses had melted away by then. Expenditures exceeded revenues by \$5 million during Harrison's last four months in office, and the Treasury was actually short of operating funds when the White House changed hands on March 4, 1893. Two months later, the panic of 1893 plunged the country into one of the worst financial crises it had yet experienced. Cleveland had to contend with many difficult problems during his second term, but an overflowing treasury was not one of them.

This unique chapter in federal financial history had an ironic conclusion. Not only were surpluses replaced by deficits in each of the years from 1893 to 1897, but bonds, instead of being redeemed, were actually sold by the government. Wall Street bankers bought the bonds at a discount, paying gold, thereby replenishing depleted gold reserves in the Treasury and stabilizing the currency. In his second term, therefore, Cleveland was forced to deal with a situation diametrically opposed to the one he had faced in his first. ★

James F.C. Hyde, Jr., now retired from the federal Office of Management and Budget and from an adjunct professorship in political science at George Washington University, resides in Bethesda, Maryland.

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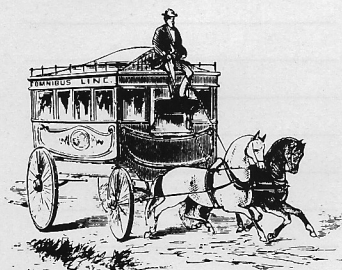
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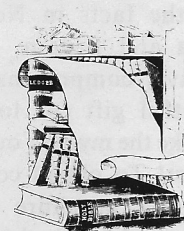
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From Richmond, VA spend four days reviewing the Peninsular Campaign of McClellan, the defense of Richmond and the rise of Robert E. Lee as Commander of the Army of Virginia. Visit and review the battlefields and sites of the campaign from Monroe and Yorktown, to Williamsburg and Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Seven Days and Harrison's Landing on the James.
Cost Per Person: \$529, sharing basis; \$599, single basis.

Mississippi Valley Campaign

Saturday, May 28 - Sunday, June 5, 1988

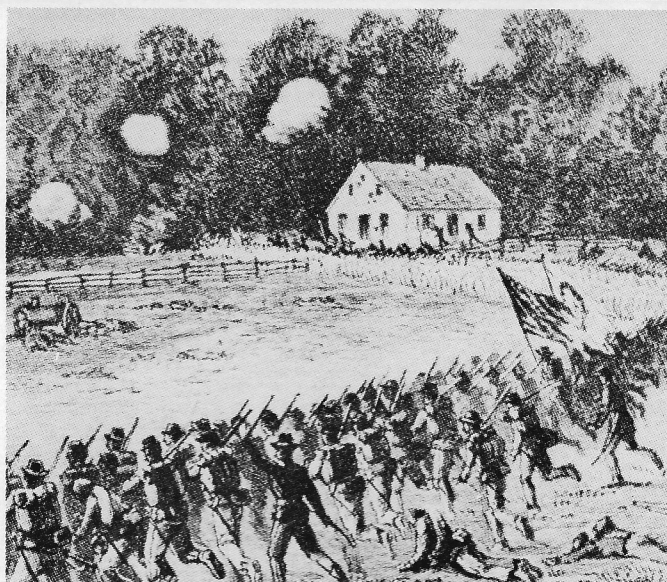
Assemble in Memphis and follow the course of the Mississippi Valley Campaign "Unvexed to the Sea" to New Orleans. First review the Battle of Shiloh before crossing into Mississippi to Corinth, Brice's Cross Roads and Tupelo. Travel toward the Yazoo River and Vicksburg, where we spend several days reviewing Grant's siege and the defense. Then follow the mighty Mississippi to Natchez, Baton Rouge and New Orleans, where we visit Fort Jackson and review the occupation of the city.

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Over the years, Ed Bearss has led many GREAT JOURNEYS and has become a friend and advisor. The author of numerous books and articles including *Decisions in Mississippi* and *Rebel Victory at Vicksburg*, Mr. Bearss is founder of the Mississippi Civil War Round Table.

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Gettysburg - The 125th Anniversary

Wednesday, June 22 - Sunday, June 26, 1988

Join us in Washington, DC to begin this review of Lee's invasion and the resulting battle that turned the course of the Civil War. Follow Lee's march across Maryland and into Pennsylvania as he makes his invasion into the North. Enter Gettysburg along the Chambersburg Pike and spend three days reviewing the battle that proved to be the highwater mark of the Confederacy. Tour includes the East Calvary Battlefield, a walk of the field of Pickett's Charge and an overall review of the events by your host and guest speakers.
Cost per Person: \$649, sharing basis; \$769, single basis.

Sherman's March to the Sea

Saturday, October 29 - Sunday, November 5, 1988

Begin the week in Chattanooga with a day spent reviewing the battle that provided Sherman with his base for the eventual Atlanta campaign and March to the Sea. Follow this route into Georgia as we march on Atlanta, tour the battlefields at Kennesaw Mt. and Peachtree Creek. Visit the Cyclorama before our tour of the Atlanta Battlefields. Crossing Georgia, visit Macon en route to Savannah, where we visit Forts Jackson and McAllister. After time in this beautiful garden city, continue to historic Beaufort en route to the antebellum city of Charleston, where we spend two days with visits to Fort Sumpter, Fort Moultrie and some of the plantations which suffered at the hands of the Union troops.
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Independence Rock, located on the Sweetwater River in what is now central Wyoming, was a famous landmark and campsite for travelers on the Oregon Trail. Names, dates, and even messages for friends and family who had yet to pass were chiseled or painted on the granite monolith by pioneers en route to the Oregon Territory and California. Remarkably, more than a century later many of the inscriptions still survive (above). Some historical sources indicate that a mountain man named the rock after caching furs there around July 4, 1842; others say it received its patriotic name because an annual combination of scheduling and timing factors caused many wagon trains to reach Independence Rock at around the Fourth of July. The story of one family that passed this way appears on pages 24-33.